

# CAVALCADE

JULY 1<sup>ST</sup>



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# Cavalcade

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## WEALTH AND DANGER UNDERSEA

FRANK CLUNE

I WENT to Bremen for the only solid reason a writer has for going nowhere—to get a story. I got stories. To paraphrase Banjo Patterson, the pearl diver's life has adventure that the jeweller never knew and you can't sit around Bremen for an hour without hearing some truth which, if not stranger than fiction, is a damned sight more interesting.

Chase was still a good name in Bremen and our reverie passed on to the next. I got pointed in due course to Ted Norman. His full name

is Edgar de Bosch Norman, son of Hugh Norman, printer Master Pearl of Bremen.

Ted was born at Gresville, New South Wales, in the year 1891.

In 1910, Ted Norman, then eighteen years of age, arrived in Bremen to help his father, who was already pearlizing, and has been his home-town ever since.

Ted Norman wasn't a "versatile pearl." He went out with the biggest. He used to make trips to Kepang in Tropics, six hundred miles

away, to recruit crews for the lagers.

In December, 1938, he was returning from Keppel as the skipper "Mike" with thirty-six Kepperites on board. They ran into a north-wester gale which increased to a hurricane blow. The Kepperites had to be battered below for four days, while the schooner was tossed about by tremendous waves, which washed right over the deck.

The worst hurricane in Bremer's history was in the year 1917, when scores of luggers were wrecked, and over 300 men lost their lives. Another bad one was in 1928, when 229 lives were lost. These hurricanes—also known as "Willy-Willies"—blow up very suddenly, during the Monsoon season—from December to March. Nowadays, pearl-fishing is practically abandoned during this season, and the luggers stay in port—but they had to leave from bad experiences.

Ted Norman remained with the pearl-fishing fleet for four years. When World War I First started, he enlisted in the A.I.F. and saw four years' service abroad, was wounded in action, and didn't get back to Bremer until 1919.

By this time, there were only 178 luggers at Bremer. Prices of pearl-shell began to \$200 a ton—the all-time high level. This boom didn't last long and eventually prices fell again to \$100 a ton.

In 1920 there were only fifty-three working boats left in Bremer, employing nine men a boat. They had engines, instead of the old-fashioned sails, and could bring in three times as much shell as the old-fashioned luggers. That was the position when the Second World War started.

Ted Norman's firm had been connected with the pearl-fishing industry for sixty years—eight through Bremer's history. The biggest pearl they ever hauled was sold in London for £2,000. The largest pearl ever found in Western Australia was sold in

Bremer for £5,000. It was found in the year 1935. Deepest diving done by Norman's men was forty-five fathoms.

Ted told me the story of Jacky Prier's pearl. Jacky was a corner worker in Bremer. For many years he used a pearl-shell as a door-stop in his home. One day a friend picked up the door-stop and noticed a blister in it. "Why don't you knock that blister out?" asked the friend.

Jacky took the shell to a Cangaroo pearl-cleaner named T. B. Elliot who cleaned the blister, and found it contained a pearl, which was sold for £200.

Captain Baywell, who is one of the oldest and most interesting citizens of the town, told me the story of a Japanese diver—by name, Gotoeza Tezo—who was diving in sulphur bottoms when his pipe-line and helmet got entangled in a coral reef. He tried desperately to free the diver—but in vain—and he perished of suffocation on the sea-bed. That was in August, 1918.

A storm came, and blew the lumper ship. The water returned later, and searched for Gotoeza's body, but could not find it.

Seven years went by, and the incident was almost forgotten.

One day, in July, 1925, a Japanese diver was working there, and two divers were together down below. They came across a helmet and a complete suit and boots.

Bringing the two divers up, they found them dead, peering through the clear glass of their helmets, and conscious—as divers do—by means of signs.

They decided to salvage this old diver-suit. One of them took up the boots and continued to the surface. Then the other picked up the helmet, and signalled to be hoisted up. While he was going up, with the helmet in his arms—they have to come up slowly, to adjust pressure—he passed through the plate-glass pane of the

salvaged helmet, and met the ghastly stare of a skull. It was the skull of Gotoeza, rolling about inside.

The diver was so surprised that he let the helmet fall from his grasp, and it sank again to the bottom of the sea. Nothing would persuade him to go down again in that place—or the other, either.

The incident explains why the Japanese divers objected to the bucket of copper staves on the pearl-fishing grounds. In consequence of their protest, the custom grew up that whenever she is had to go back to port, wherever any member of the crew died at sea.

This might mean anything up to a week's mining task in Bremer, with a corpse on board—but it showed proper respect to the dead—even if it meant a big loss of time, and of bottom, caused an output of the luggers.

Owners can losses against him, and an amazing story is told against one insurance company. Not long ago an Australian珍珠 lugger was taken

to the pearl-fishing grounds of Tasmania, where it ran ashore in a storm. The owner collected on the insurance and the insurance company proceeded to solve what it could of the wreck. The gasoline engine was still intact and the gear was also in good condition. However, by the time the insurance took care on the scene, the natives of the locality had done a private job of salvaging an oil-bell of their chief, an native individual as wise in the ways of white men as of colored.

After a deposition had rendered with the chief it transpired that he was willing enough to give up the goods on consideration of being paid what he considered just compensation for the native laces he had supplied.

The salvagers communicated with their principals, who tried to come to terms, but the chief was adamant in his claims. The case became so involved that in the end the insurance company gave up. The chief remains in possession of the goods.



# We have two suicides a day



The Anti-Suicide Bureau has prevented hundreds of people from taking their lives.

DURING public holidays and festive seasons most public activities were to a standstill—including suicide. For although suicides take their lives at the rate of two a day throughout the Commonwealth, they do not usually pick the holiday season to end their lives.

This tends to reflect credence in the belief that mental depression is a main cause of people taking their own lives—but more explanation than that is necessary to understand some of the methods suicides adopt.

Of all the various causes of suicide

recorded in Australia none is stronger than this—

A fire brigade was called to a search fire. As the flames died down and the smoke began to clear, firemen saw the body of a woman lying in the scorching undergrowth.

The police, when questioned, examined the body and the area through which the fire had swept. A short distance from the body was a methylated spirits bottle, and there was evidence that the spirit had been poured over the woman before the fire had been lit. In the woman's

mouth were the burnt remains of a man's handkerchief which had long used as a cigarette holder.

About the time the body was discovered, in another suburb a man, accompanied by his family doctor, was at the police station reporting the disappearance of his wife. She had left home at 9 o'clock to take her two children to school, and had not returned. They were still there when news came through of the discovery of the body.

The doctor hurried to the scene and identified the body as that of the missing woman. She had been a patient of his, suffering from a nervous condition.

Police inquiries disclosed that about a quarter of a mile from the fire, the deceased woman had purchased from a shop a quart bottle of methylated spirits. At another shop she had bought a box of matches.

The Coroner found that the woman with the intention of taking her life had set fire to her clothes after saturating them with methylated spirits, and that she had stuffed one of her husband's handkerchiefs into her mouth presumably to prevent herself screaming.

She was in good financial circumstances, and without apparent cause for worry, but she suffered from fits of mental depression and had made a previous attempt at suicide by drinking an excess of whisky.

This is one of the strongest cases of suicide recorded in Australia. Why should a woman committing suicide, have used such an elaborate and agonizing method, and either deliberately or accidentally given the appearance of murder?

The suicides' state of mind is not a simple affair. Driven to that last desperate solution, the brain becomes crafty and sometimes cruel. There is the desire to hurt. A person contemplating suicide might satisfy this desire by killing himself in a violent manner,

or by arranging his death so as to cause mental or physical suffering to another person.

There have been many cases of suicides which have obviously been intended to look like murder. In other instances, none have been left behind with an element of spite in their "Now you'll be sorry" born, or harshly accusing someone for the suicide.

Statistics show that the number of people committing suicide in Australia is growing every year. In 1941 376 men and 148 women took their lives. In 1942, there were 352 men and 125 women, and in 1945, the last published figures for the Commonwealth, 365 men and 125 women. Almost half of these suicides have occurred in New South Wales, where there has been a yearly increase from 58 men and 18 women in 1941 to 225 men and 57 women in 1947.

Major Ernest Pentreath, chief controller of the Salvation Army Anti-Suicide Bureau in Sydney, considers that the increase in suicides over the past six years is due to the many causes of war neurosis.

The Anti-Suicide Bureau and Casual Clinic was established twenty years ago when even the early effects of the depression resulted in a large number of suicides. Since then it has been open continually and the Salvation Army believes it has prevented hundreds of people from taking the final step.

Men and women suffering from depression, despair or loneliness have gone to the Clinic for consultation, encouragement and advice. Discussing their problems brings relief—real as well as apparent—and that final despair, which so often has tragic consequences, is averted.

Major Pentreath has heard that people who openly announce their intention of自杀ing, rarely carry out their threat. One man recently boasted him in his office, waving a

## MAKE YOUR PROTEST TO THE EMPEROR

Whatever they try to not-  
affect  
Or someone in my way  
Always evokes most troubled  
times  
From those both near and far  
away—  
And yet the record never  
shows  
That anyone recalls or knows  
Of demonstrations, words, or  
blows  
About not-benignising a holiday!

—Wiegand

little revolver and declaring he was about to shoot himself. He stood in suspense when the Major sat back in his chair and smiled.

"Don't you think I would kill myself?" the man asked.

"No," the Major said quietly. Ten minutes later the man left his office rather shamedfaced, after having admitted he had really had no intention of pulling the trigger.

Anti-Schindler associations and the police agree that suicides occur in waves or groups. If there are two or three suicides in the city, they are usually followed by several more. During wars, depressions or strikes they must be watched for, but it is difficult to account for groups of suicides in normal times.

When the Sydney Harbour Bridge was first opened, 51 people jumped to their death before the safety fences were built. In one long stretch of popularity by leaping from that spot on the cliff at Watson's Bay, known as The Gap, more than forty people were killed on the rocks.

During holiday and festive periods, there is usually an advance of suicides, but it is noticeable that immediately

following these periods, suicides frequently occur.

More men commit suicide than do women. It is believed that this may be because women have a greater mental stability when faced with disaster than do men.

Domestic or marital problems are the greatest cause for women自杀ing, financial difficulties for men. Men who have been swindling or embezzling their employer's money often take what they consider to be "the easy way out." Others facing bankruptcy, commit suicide that their wives may collect insurance and not share their disgrace.

But many men who have taken out large policies on their lives and then committed suicide, have overlooked the fact that an insurance company is not bound to pay out on a suicide unless the policy has been in operation at least thirteen months.

A potential tendency is considered by insurance companies to be hereditary. To cover this additional risk, people deciding to take out life policies, must pay a slightly increased premium should either or both of those parents have committed suicide.

Even in a state of mental disturbance, suicide conveys courage and many people change their minds at the moment of committing the act. When the police find a man with his throat cut, they are usually able to distinguish suicide from murder by the shallow, hurried cuts on his neck, which they call "resistance marks." These marks are made while the suicide's courage is being gathered for the final stroke.

People who climb bridges or high buildings, are often seen wandering about hesitantly before they either jump or relive.

A person who runs into the sea with the intention of drowning, almost invariably comes out again after experiencing the shock of the cold water. Doctors say the sudden plunge

into the water has the same effect on the brain as a "dose" of the shock treatment that is now used for mental disorders. In the same way, most people who suicide are believed to commit their act as they experience the shock of falling through the air, or of a rose slashing their veins.

Few people who attempt suicide unsuccessfully care, try it again. If they do, they are usually committed to a mental asylum. But a change can be had against a person making even a first attempt at suicide and a prison sentence may be evaded.

Although gas ovens and nooses are the most used methods of suicide, the police in Australia have had to deal with self-inflicted death by almost every means possible.

Gas and sleeping tablets are used mostly by women, but hanging by rope or braids or employed almost as much as razor-blades by men. Lethal, which causes a particularly violent and tortuous death, has been swallowed by many people in the last ten years.

One of the quickest-acting and deadliest poisons, cyanide, which holds the lot for suicides by both men and women in European countries, has rarely been used in Australia.

Suffocant cyanide to cause instant death costs only the equivalent of eighteen pence in Germany and France at the present time, and it can be held in a capsule small enough to fit into the cavity of a tooth. This was the poison which Goering and other high-ranking Nazi officers successfully concealed in their persons and used to take their lives rather than face the hangman. It is believed also that Secret Service Police in almost every country carry cyanide capsules for use in the event of torture being employed to make them talk.

Psychologists say that a number of people commit suicide from a feeling of self-pity, or from a need

for sympathy, and that they breed with satisfaction on the effect their death will have on the community.

But in their unshaken mental state, these people forget that the sympathy and publicity they crave can be of no use to them after death. They may cause sorrow to others by their action, but their wounds will heal, and it is true that dead men are soon forgotten.

It is not unusual for a suicide to decide before taking a fatal leap, and when a pile of clothes, perhaps neatly folded, will be the first indication of suicide—almost certainly a sign of mental derangement at the time of the fatal act. Yet in very few cases is a suicide completely aware. Self-preservation is the strongest natural instinct and it would be a great favor to a great nation that could override it in the mentally fit.



BILL DELANY

## THREE Hoots FOR THE REFEREE



You may need the referee, but chances are he won't even hear you.

If you happen to be passing Sydney Stadium about 5:15, Monday night, press on your strolls and hearings. There is quite a chance that above the barks of the dogs outside the auditorium you will hear the sharp sound of victory harmony.

It will be a section of the blanchardites—known to the fans as "The Barronians"—paying tribute to their favorite villain, the nutshart Joe Walls. The tune will be "Old Black Joe," but the lyrics is pamphleted so that the opening line is "Poor Old Joe." The pukin-faced Walls never, by word, wave or action, acknowledges the welcome, which is in-

variably accompanied by the traditional storm of hooting reserved for refusals the world over.

In fact, Joe's face has been recognized to register emotion on but three occasions in 35 years now when a French fighter, fortified by the champagne then used to pour over boxers' heads, rose from his corner to sing "La Marseillaise"; upon which a blanchardite bashed the management to turn out the lights because two fighters wanted to be alone—and another vetoed the suggestion "because he was reading a book"; and the other occasion was the gloomy night when after a bout of sickness Joe slunk

onto the ring to the accompaniment of a storm of cheers led by "The Barronians."

So, perhaps, Joe Walls is beloved by the fans after all.

"Refusing is a serious business," said Walls to the writer, "and from the moment a fight starts, I have to concentrate every faculty on the job. As a result, I am oblivious to every sound not connected with my job—and it may be of interest to those gamblers who reader sparsas—regarding my conduct of a fight that I really do not hear them comment"—a statement that most disappoints the matrons who believe that a referee like shylock, Bleeds when pricked. The plain truth is that after 36,000 fights, the contributions of Australia's most famous referee have been blunted.

There is no record that the Australian referee has ever become so greatly involved with a boxer to the extent of flinging himself on the wrong end of a punch, although he has, on occasion, had to accept verbal attack from a disgruntled pugilist.

The documentation of having, as a referee, been knocked out by a boxer belongs, to my knowledge, to only one man, a fellow named Jay Walker who last year tried to separate Mike de Cossio and Launce Boston during a bout at Newark, New Jersey. It was unfortunate for Mr. Walker that he managed to break the can just as Boston was throwing a wild punch. The blow missed de Cossio and landed knifephorn on Mr. Walker's chin.

The bout had just reached its first seconds, and it is a tribute to the fair-mindedness of Walker that on recovering consciousness, he awarded the verdict to Boston.

Most of Australia's best-known referees—Walls, Harry Mark, Terry Kelly, Connell, Bill York, and Bill Hanberry—were themselves page boys or minor refs, but that does not necessarily mean that the

best fighters make the best referees. Vic Petrich, the newest third man of our septuagenarian, will probably become a good referee, for he has the knowledge and stability that is essential to the business. Moreover, with a more extensive and recent knowledge of the game, he is ready to hold a one-sided fight, and to look with the skepticism—a virtue with which all will agree except those who follow the precepts of the Yveson Seite.

One former boxer who failed as a referee was Bob Friesenmann, who was once consigned to supervise a bout between Terry McGovern and Doc Sullivan. Early in the bout McGovern attempted one of the dashes that had earned him so many quick victories. Sullivan, with a nest punch in the jaw, sent the champion to the canvas. Friesenmann had marked the count of "nine" when McGovern took to pull himself to his feet by clutching up Sullivan's shorts. Fric, instead of breaking the hold or concluding the count, pushed Sullivan halfway across the ring.

McGovern recovered to go on and win in the fifteenth round, and Fric received a hostile reception from the crowd. The pay-off came 12 years later when the former heavyweight champion and Sullivan met in a New York cafe. Sullivan had added four more to his girth, and evidently considered himself a match for Fric, for the surly-looking restaurant against the man who is alleged, had robust him of the feather title, burst into tears.

He deposited a bunch of them on Friesenmann's chin. The ex-champion responded in kind, and the cafe patrons were provided with fare not mentioned on the menu.

Friesenmann never refereed another contest.

It appears to have been Fric's destiny to find himself mixed up disadvantageously with the advertising profession. During the preliminaries to the promotion of his fight against

EVEN before I was born, Joan Crawford was destined to be my mother and I was destined to be named after her. Joan had been my mother's closest friend for many years. I suspect my earliest trick was in picking such clever persons. If Dickie hadn't written "Guest in the House," I might never have had the chance to go on stage as a perfectly slick child part at the age of nine, and so I decide I wanted to be an actress and not a ballet dancer. But in my wildest dreams I never imagined that I, Jean Harlow, or rather Jean Evans as I am to be known, would ever be performing with Shirley Temple. When Mr. Goldwyn and Celie O'Donnell parted company, my mother got me the part of Hermosa opposite Shirley. Jean Crawford, who first met my mother when Katherine was a publicity girl at MGM, gave me a party to remember the day. As if I could ever forget!

—From "The Ring," the world's best motion picture magazine.

Shackley, he found himself forced to accept a referee whom his friends thought Shackley was well-known. Worse, the referee was a tough honky named Wyatt Rose, already the proud owner of ten notices to his gun—one of them incidentally representing the defense of his own brother-in-law.

With a good deal of betting on the outcome of the match, Red Robert was in a somewhat吊idous position. His discomfiture was not lessened when Earp entered the ring, weighted down by an object which, to the well-tutored eyes of the spectators, was easily discernible as a six-shooter.

A police captain attempted to de-give Earp of the weapon, but Earp pointed out that he possessed a license for the gun, and no law existed to prevent him carrying it into the ring. He informed further that even if such a law did exist, might wise right and Earp were Earp. The police captain saw his point.

Obviously, Pitt had to beat the referee too—and didn't; with Shackley wandering glassy-eyed around the ring in the eighth round, Robert threw a punch to his opponent's stomach and was disqualified for hitting low.

And, unphilosophical, if any gentleman in the audience was in a mood to dispute the decision, would be kindly step up? No one stepped up.

Although it is no longer considered de rigueur to transport cannon into a boxing arena, the late Hugh D. McLean reserved to arms in order to induce Jack Johnson to enter the ring at the Sydney Stadium in 1908.

The occasion was the meeting of the negro with Tommy Burns for the world's heavyweight championship. Arnaldo had been signed guaranteed Burns \$25,000 and Johnson \$15,000, but with the fight imminent the negro attempted to jump up his guarantee. He was still off the mass mind when the preliminaries ended, and McLean—who in addition to promoting the match was to act as referee—invited the negro's dressing room to persuade him to enter the ring.

The negro was out of the dressing room before you could say Ned Kelly, for McLean's persuader was a pistol directed at Johnson's solar plexus. The incident apparently did not affect Johnson's nerves permanently, for he beat Burns in 34 rounds.

While it is accepted practice that cash customers should declare an open

session oil referee, at least verbally, third men are apt to become touchy when a contentious attempt is made a three-way downybrook. Two old timers of the early part of this century were Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy, the latter of whom regarded leading lassos, as devised by the Marquis of Queensbury, with a good measure of contempt. It was the Kid, in fact, who initiated a gag that has been used in practically every comedy film since Edison invented the Kinetograph.

Matched against a Dutchman named Plauché, he came out of his corner in the first round, stepped, and pointed to Plauché's feet.

"Your shoe-leve is wobles," said the Kid, and the simple Dutchman looked down. They carried Plauché off in a stretcher.

With Rose no shining knight of the ring, it was anticipated that their final meeting would provide entertainment. It ended in a rout. Referee

Mcuchi Hagen awarded the decision to McCoy, than with how wet with honest sweat and hot day's work done, he began to leave the ring. Lynn contributed to his exit by throwing a right to Hagen's neck.

The referee landed among the ring-side, recovered, and returned to resume his honest.

A start left to Lynn's chair sent him stumbling backwards into the arms of the spectators who, interfering bodies, had followed Hagen into the ring. In the terms of popularity, it was anybody's fight, although records indicate McCoy as the winner.

So, you see, a referee's life is not all cheer and skylight. But don't let that daunt you from seeking your way to the cleaners next time your favorite referee climbs into the ring. After all, you'd sit in part of the audience for. But it does mean a pity that he probably won't even have you.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

THOUSANDS upon-thousand were our night's toll on the Goodwin, which have taken City ships in five years.

MARK PRIESTLEY



## THE SANDS OF DEATH

SIX miles off the south-east coast of England lies a streak of sea that has already taken grim toll of Australian ships, Australian lives and Australian cargoes, the incessantly shifting, treacherously changing shoals of death that underlie there call the Goodwin Sands. Altho' the known coastline in the world, the Straits of Dover, run in Goodwin weather. As the strong spring winds blow in from the sea, the tides rush in from Trinity Bay and Kent.

last Bay, sweeping many a gallant ship towards its graveyard.

The toll of the Sands tends to increase. There was the case of the 1360-ton American revolution. The caught in a fierce west tide and finally grounded on the sands off Deal. For sixty minutes, while the lifeboat stood by, three Dover rags fought frenetically to free her, pulling iron cables and human weight against the quicksands. They got her off at last, but made too soon. Fifty days

were been sunk there in five years and for every ship lost a dozen or more have been in desperate trouble. It was just such a tide-rip, local fibberfolk say, that stranded the Goodwin many centuries ago. The ocean swept across a fertile farmland island during a great storm, overwhelmed thousands of men of peasant and left the sandbanks in a run meadows three miles wide and ten miles long from north to south.

Every battle on the Goodwin is a fight against time. When a ship of any size runs aground, the tides can sweep away the sand from her bows and stern within twenty-four hours, leaving her hanging on her beam. Then it takes very little buffeting to break her back and she becomes a total loss.

In the particular instance of the *USS*, the tugs had scarcely freed her when they received orders never of another ship. The French soldier Andre Thome agreed on the outer ridges of the Goodwin, two and a half miles away. There were only two hours of suitable tidal water left as they dashed to his aid in turn. She too was released, but before the tugs pulled away she lashed—and was aground again.

To relate this bare story, for a moment into turns of human hazard in the lifeboat racing alongside the *Frenchman* in the gale that day was Lifeboater Bill Willis, accustomed to stark reality, turned to the oft-enduring grace of the Goodwin.

For a few minutes he became the mount. A sudden lurch of the lifeboat flung him into the air and sent him backwards down between the lifeboat and the steamer. As he bolted to the surface, his pocket, one of his comrades tried to grab at his outstretched arms, but the lifeboat rolled away. Then the waves swept it back again, and Bill clutched at a ladder.

His fingers slipped. English Pier

Covell hung over the side of the life boat and used to rock him from the launching rolling boat. Finally he reached Bill Willis, but only by reaching as far out that other lifeboat man had to hold him back.

He was a human cable—and just at that moment a violent wave swept the lifeboat as close against the Frenchy's side that both Covell and Willis were jolted against the collier's steel plates. Only Willis's lifebelt saved him from being crushed. Covell grappled hold on, though he naked—a broken neck. Then in by such he pulled Willis—with his heavy burden of oil-skins, anoraks and lifebelts—safely ashore.

"Blimey!" gasped Willis. "That was a near thing!"

Yet it was nothing, barely an incident, in the morning Goodwin saga. The Andro Thome had to be hauled in the dark to an anchor in deep water, and was no sooner floated from one ridge than she ground on another. For 25 hours the right went on, while the 2,000-tonner was sometimes swash from shore to shore. Yet they finally dragged her clear.

The Deal lifeboat, similarly, once set out in moonless seas and pitch darkness to rescue the crew of the *Val Seline*. The *Ramsgate* lifeboat had been launched further along the coast and was snatched away by the same moon waves at the first go off. This was during the war when the Downs were full of shipping without lights and the lifeboat was whirled along at such a speed that "it was difficult to tell where we ended and the began."

Drawn in the skin, harled about like sacks as they encircled the teeth of the gale on the sandbank—the lifeboat finally saved thirty men from the wreck, after a terrific struggle. At times, says the official report, the lifeboat was thrown up onto the air as high as the main-heads of the wounded vessel.

A BUSINESSMAN who recently launched a radio set in his factory reports that the results are entirely satisfactory. "The point about it," he said, "is not that the radio increases efficiency, but that it provides a distraction and thus prevents concentration from decreasing efficiency." Another businessmen reports that mechanical music, of one sort or another, has become a background for everyday life. A great many people work better with the wireless blaring all day because they are accustomed to it in their homes.

Then they returned shore only to learn that another ship had been stranded aground. The second Deaf lifeboat was maneuvered with a new crew under the same compass; and when they returned, after a successful rescue, they heard of a third ship aground. Though two lifeboats were crippled that night, the Deaf lifeboats saved eighty-two lives!

For the records, one of the life boats was the Charles Dibdin. When she ended her career, her own back broken & lost by the Goodwins, she had saved a grand total of 365 lives from the sandbanks. And men as well as lifeboats pile up remarkable records in these dangerous waters, so innocent is their call to hazard. Old Tom Reed, the cookman of the Bassgate lifeboat, could boast that he had rescued 800 human souls from the Goodwins before he retired. There was the time when the lifeboat was standing by the U.S. steamer Siberia. The seas were so heavy that the lifeboat lost her anchor and had to return to harbour. The crew changed their drenched clothing—and returned to their vigil.

The warning lightships themselves

are not immune from peril. Despite her three-ton mushroom anchor, the South Goodwin lightship was washed away from her moorings and carried down Channel. Another lightship broke adrift in a terrible storm and was battered for hours by wind and wave before finally driving ashore. Part of the vessel became waterlogged. Three of the crew were washed overboard. Three others, nearly dead with cold and exposure, were in grave danger.

The skipper decided to attempt to carry a lifeline to the ship. Dragging a lifebelt, he got off in a dinghy and was last seen battling with the murderous sea. His frozen body was washed up next morning. Revers do not always win these battles.

Again, there was the time when the Goodwin Lightship, the Irene, one night of heavy fog, was rammed by one of the very ships she was trying to protect, and was sunk. Lightships have to be replaced, and bitterly, and six men of Deaf were ordered to man a small open boat as an emergency lifeboat for the night. With eyes and ears straining in the gloom, they remained near the scene of the disaster, whistling a head for home and clanging their warning bell for dear life whenever a ship came near.

All the ghosts that brood over the Goodwins must have watched their lone ordeal. On those sandbanks thirteen men-of-war were lost in a single night. On those same sandbanks, early in World War II, the first victim was a U-boat which sailed and half-sank, rolled helplessly for several days and then was finally engulfed.

The lifeboats now as always have the last word in the Goodwin reaches. The winds are liable to shift and change overnight with the prevailing tide. The Bassgate Sea mist, in spite of a wider notoriety, is not more deadly. "I would rather cruise

the Sargasso by darkest night," an old salt once told me, "than sail around the Goodwins at noonday . . ."

Sometimes, when seas run high, it is possible for vessels to be blown off their courses and still cross the outer drifts of the submerged ridge with complete impunity. At other times, the receding tide leaves level patches of sand rising high and dry, littered with the rusting skeletons of past victims . . . and fire undeterred. Local folk have even played cricket matches there for the sake of the novelty.

But there is sweet humour also in this dark odyssey. There is only the

dark face of danger . . . and the sea fog of mystery. Ships before now have signalled in distress from the Goodwins and from that moment have vanished without trace.

In one instance, the Deaf lifeboat went out to a vessel that appeared to be listing on the southernmost shoals. As the lifeboat made its round of rescue, however, the flea died down and no sign of any vessel or wreckage was ever found.

"One cannot be sad to have conquered the ocean until he has conquered the Goodwins," a Trinity House pilot has summed up. "These sandbanks are the last real drama . . ."

## NECKTIE



They made a hero of him one day he single-handedly foiled out a most dangerous public enemy.

JIMMY NICHOLS



# Joker with a saw

ALTHOUGH Webs Egan, a carpenter by trade, lived for the first half of his life in a frame house on the edge of the rolling Missouri River and, in the years 1890 to 1898, saw some five thousand wagon trains pass toward the nearby ford on their way into the west, he himself was scarcely known by the national press to the West until he reached the age of forty-three.

Basically a man of peace, Webs was wistfully wishing for the Civil War in case when the final blow fell his mother-in-law cargo to see with him. He put up with that worthy but plain-spoken woman for just two weeks. At the end of that time, he set forth in the direction of Kansas. But those who knew him well were not surprised when wild doctored back that he had bypassed his destination.

wandering past it, somehow, in the dark, and ended up in El Paso, on the Texas border.

Skilled masons and construction workers were scarce and highly valued on the frontier. With his sound security for the first time assured, Webs revealed a destructive j'accuse evidence that had lain dormant for many years.

Webs became a practical joker. It all began the day he accepted a contract from Long John Harr, El Paso's first real estate speculator, to build a dozen new houses—more accurately, shacks—at the north end of town. Webs drew up the plans himself, and as he went to work the next day with hammer and saw, a close observer might have noted a speculative glint in his watery blue eyes.

There was a ready housing market in the absence of merchants, cattle dealers, peddlers, railroad workers and fugitive soldiers who passed daily into the border town, and Long John's houses were snapped up at outrageous prices.

On the eve of the grand opening, Webs appeared early at the saloon opposite the corner from his own lodgings. Through the doorway he could discern a fine view of the new houses, standing hansom and freshly painted, and the sight seemed to fill him with amusement. From time to time, he let out a sort of unexplained laughter, or caused his mouth with his hand to hide a cackling grin that he could not control.

"What's so funny?" the bartender asked him curiously, but Webs do kept his joke to himself.

At midnight, a pink ribbon was stretched across the road that lead into the new development. Long John, using a silver-mounted pistol, broke it with a single shot. There was a whoop, a wild drumming of hoofs and a roar of cheer. The horses moved in bag and baggage. Open music was

decreed and the celebration lasted as long as the lights held out—about two hours. Then, one by one, the lights flickered out and El Paso was wrapped in silence—all but Webs Egan, who squatted on the steps of the closed saloon and waited.

It happened about four o'clock in the morning. The town was jolted awake by a series of crackling, splitting cracks. Shocks of rage and terror sounded through the darkness. Then a stream of furiously angry men and women poured up the street, headed for Long John's house with a rope in their hands. They flung expletives over their shoulder.

"Roof fall in!"  
"Hall down house collapsed!"  
"We'll well fill on top of us!"  
"West right through the door! I did!"

They assumed the wounded suspension rolling and writhing on the ground in an ecstasy of pure joy, shouting and weeping with hysterical savagery. And when the early rays of the sun revealed the smoldering new homes, flattened like matchbooks, Webs wearily vowed to tell their.

Resentments festered slowly in those days, however, and soon Webs had come to rest in the new, booming Wyoming country east of Pinedale. Here, his El Paso success story was repeated all over again. He armed himself by becoming something of a petty tyrant. No one could ever be sure, when they placed an order with him, just what would be produced. An order for a simple flight of back stairs for a stable might result in a sweeping curved and panel staircase that would have graced a governor's mansion. A demand for a new bell steple on the schoolhouse was filled with an authentic copy of a Turkish minaret that towered thirty feet high and could be seen for twenty miles.

Since Webs was the only skilled carpenter within 200 miles, Pinedale

## IS SCIENCE SWINGING THE LEAD, OR WHAT?

Why are inventions so mechanical,  
To think of couplings and forget a god?  
They give us speed and engines, soulless things,  
They make match-sever, sarcasm without smile,  
New kinds of plating, thinner, stronger rose.  
Sputnik dials, and even floating soap!  
But while wrapped up in some new damp (soot) tissue  
They seemingly avoid a mortal issue,  
Neglect to plan for one great human need:  
By far more urgent than their greatest deed:  
If to their see they are an abysmal bane!  
Let them at once take time out to invent  
Something that will keep out the cold, and yet  
Do the same job for a girl in winter that a  
Swastik does in the summer!

—MacLeop

had brick shingles, and in May, 1948, he received a contract to build a new courthouse.

Waldo was still poring away at the footlong trenches in June when, as it happened, younger Jed Benneron, then sheriff of Wyoming county, captured and brought in for trial the troublesome highway bandit Frank Crawford and two members of his gang. Podville posse had been chasing Crawford for nearly four years and the population was anxious to see a good hanging trial proceed at once. Justice was stymied, however, by the fact that Waldo had torn down the old courthouse in order to get wood for the new one and the new one was not quite finished. But Waldo waved his hammer at Jed reassuringly.

"Go right ahead and try 'em," he said. "By the time you get to the sentence, the courthouse will be finished."

For three days, the trial went on, both defense and prosecuting attorney

lost in the ear-splitting screech of the saw. As the jury died out, the judge asked Waldo anxiously, "Hans, will he done in time? They won't stay out long, y'haw?"

"He'll be tight as a drum," Waldo promised and went back to work in a furious burst of speed. As the men and women within artlessly awaiting the verdict, no one noticed that it was growing darker and darker in the new courtroom. Just as a door swung open, and the jury filed back in, Waldo's voice was heard outside shouting, "Here goes 'er last glock!"

A series of harmonic blues rang out. The dimmed room fell suddenly into total eclipse; a woman screamed and was heard to fall heavily to the floor. Then Waldo's heavy gallows could be heard outside reverting to a crescendo of hysterics and the contents of the courthouse realized for the first time that the new carpenter had built the room without doors or windows and nailed them up in it.

Waldo did not mind it—the neck from the courthouse flagpole. Myopic opinion in general, blind hearts in his favor the day that Crawford, who had been duly convicted despite the difficulties, escaped from jail.

It was not a well-arranged flight. He merely crawled down the jailer, crawled up the corridor, and up the street.

Waldo putted the finishing touches on the flooring of a new penitentiary house designed for the street and purpose new motor took in the situation at a glance. "That way," he called to the bands.

One moment the condemned were there, the carpenter and the high-waggon, standing together. The next, they didn't. Waldo had ruled the fugitive into making a posturite trial of his latest joke—a trapdoor.

For the space of ten days, he was fated. All his sins were forgiven. The Mayor George Kehoe and Mrs. Kehoe, in a burst of civic generosity, called him in to fit windows into the town mansion.

One day the mayor, his wife and family awoke to find antislavery shadow across the sunlight in their rooms. The carpenter was gone, but he had left a note:

"Don't have no lead," he wrote. "Don't have no glass. Hope this substitution is satisfactory." And across every window at the house was added a set of new pantryware bars.

As the east-bound express picked up speed that morning, the mayor swore that the rising roles of the whole crewed sections of wild, hysterical laughter.



## the poet's pet

# LOBSTER

The crustaceous companion his old nose  
finds a short cut to the frantic asylum



WALKER HENRY

MORE years of the iron secretary seemed to make a hobby of sadness—it paid—but it brought immunity to a few art.

By the time Peru had finished with Gérard de Nerval, a new chapter had been written into the history of the writer's eccentricities.

He made his first bow in Weber's *Cafe au le Roi Roys*.

"But innocent!" decided Jean-Marie, third waiter, seated the present man who walked in. "But incredibly innocent!"

The young man brushed back a skein of look hair from his forehead

and ceased to tug at the lobster he was leading attached to a long strand of pale-blue ribbon.

"You find me unique?" he inquired with a trace of impertunity.

"Ah, but no, nature, but no!" Jean-Marie hastened hypocritically to reassure him. "I do let speak for yourself alone."

"Then that makes well," replied the young man, condescending to be pacified. "For an unexpressible moment I was giving myself to think that perhaps you were resenting my companion here."

Ignoring the mortally distraught

visitors of Jean-Marie, the young man escorted his lobster to a table.

And for the rest of that night, Gérard de Nerval, who called himself THE Poet of Peru, ate beside his silent, embittered spouse.

Somewhere towards dawn he arose suddenly and lifted the dying lobster from its chair.

"The Morning Star is rising, as the fool?" he announced to the sleepy but ill-tempered Jean-Marie. "It calls us my friend and me to glide on water."

Striding out of the almost deserted room, he set the lobster carefully upon a long-peen on the balcony and having stripped himself of all his clothes, stood mother-naked in the half-light to sing a hymn of his own composition.

"It is a music which comes to me from higher spheres," he insisted the startled night-watchman who had started to escort him.

"That is as it may be," the night-watchman endorsed without any criminal conviction and marched him off singing, in a police station.

There the drowsy gendarmes were sufficiently astonished to settle Gérard de Nerval in a cell and place a double guard on the door.

What happened to the lobster has not been recorded but the next day Gérard de Nerval paid his first visit to a literary asylum.

Before he was classified with life, he had another four visits to pay—say, at least of them in a straight jacket.

It all began on May 22, 1858, when a French Army Doctor was distressed to discover that he had become a father.

Gazing at his progeny Doctor de Nerval seems to have decided with some degree of real justification that any man who had chosen to follow the Emperor Napoleon could have very little extra time left to waste on family responsibilities.

He waited just long enough for his son to be christened Gérard and entrusted to the care of an uncle who had sacrificed military glory for the less prudic pleasure of possessing a small farm in the provinces. Then he promptly proceeded to which his wife away on another of Napoleon's momentous campaigns.

When, soon afterwards, Madame de Nerval—who man finally gave home to the understandable conclusion that enough is better than two quid—entered worn-out in the snowdrifts her husband grudgingly accepted a however-sord opportunity for largesse that such monstrosities as offspring even existed in his life. He appears to have entirely abandoned his child.

At all events, Gérard was allowed to grow up in his uncle's farm untroubled by parents. And he was still roaming about the fields when a young lad not yet out of his teens, when he met the girl who is known as Adrienne.

Who this Adrienne was, how she looked and what she did have all been lost. Probably she was just another farm-girl. But, though there is no indication that he ever went beyond the first innocent floundings of childhood, Gérard de Nerval made her his great passion.

He talked of her, wrote of her, sang of her and he always remembered her. Even when, in his early twenties, he arrived in Paris she was the one he spoke of most.

In Paris, Gérard de Nerval set out to be a poet and, in the way of poets, it was not long before he linked up with a third-rate actress whose name was Jenny Colon.

Jenny was no different from any other little prostitute around Montmartre—except, perhaps, that her face was a trifle prettier than usual and her morals a trifle worse—but de Nerval found in her all that he had left behind with Adrienne.

To de Nerval, Jenny was Adrienne

THE gitter-box was invented by the famous author, Anthony Trollope, the novelist, in his spare time. He had no opportunity of further invention, for he wrote 2,000 words daily before breakfast for the regular rate of 250 words per 15 minutes, worked as a full-time Post Office official, and hunted during the week-end. He took his civil service career so seriously that he resigned when the plot of *Under Suspicion* was given to another. He died of angina brought on by his overwork while reading *Vive Verso*.

and be lived with her the life he had unspared living with Adrienne.

Jenny had no objections. She enjoyed being loved by a god; she was flattered to be written into the pages of his books as Sylvia and Amelie and Lou—each an Adrienne. But she was also a realist. She lived quite happily with de Nerval until one day the stricken author suddenly won more money and, possibly, more sense. Then, when de Nerval was thirty-four, she married the other man.

It was the beginning of the end for de Nerval. Less than a year after her marriage, he was walking through the streets of Paris. It was about midnight. Suddenly he halted abruptly beneath a gas-light and moved warily at the number-plate of a house. The number was 36.

He must somehow shattered the quiet of the street. While the terrified passers-by tried to calm him, he pointed, shivering, towards the house and begged them to drive away the horrid figure he swore was standing behind the number-plate of a house.

It was, he shrieked, Jenny Coles, wrapped in a shroud and staring at him from her shadowed inn.

"She stands beside the number of my age," he shrieked. "It means her death or mine!"

By some grotesque quirk of circumstance, Jenny Coles did die a few weeks later. The night after her death, the poet entered the room, tugging the lobster at the end of a long strand of pale-blue ribbon. The same night he was in a cell.

"The Ritz calls me to the East," he reported when they freed him after his first visit to the Bastille asylum. He boasted a ship and were there.

He served in Cairo in 1855. The East of those days deserved even fewer of the Ten Commandments than the East of today.

"I can not be the exception," announced de Nerval after having inspected the unconventional domestic arrangements of the other Europeans. He took himself off to the slave-market.

In the cage was an Abyssinian woman who answered when they called for Zeynab.

De Nerval bought her for a few francs and took her home. "It is a man's obligation to take a wife," he told his friends.

Zeynab's ideas of family life were, to say the least, original. In the bottoms of her people, she ate raw meat whenever she had the opportunity and she hung a garland of raw entrails along the bed of her "husbands" bed.

She also began to beat him frequently. Enraged neighbours reported that de Nerval gave every evidence of enjoying the bestiary.

Apparently, however, even the joys of constant whipping can pall and after a time de Nerval found himself hankering for the delights of Paris. Dispatching Zeynab to an acquaintance at a cut rate, he returned to France.

The reappearance in Montmartre was spectacular. He pitched a tent in the

middle of his sitting-room and received his visitors on the understanding that he was an explorer travelling through the width of the African jungle. When he warned all would be explorer, he declared that he was an African native—which, if anything, made the situation even more disconcerting for his friends. While living in the tent, he kept in touch with civilization by helping the German prisoner Helme to translate his poems into French.

Naturally, with these discussions, de Nerval was periodically in and out of the Bastille asylum.

Under the circumstances, it is obvious that, as time went on, the poet should find lodging-house keepers increasingly anxious to accommodate him. He was very often homeless. But wherever he chose to be, he carried pen, ink and paper and wrote his poems. Even when he had descended to the dog-house, he would rattle out each morning and under the windows of the government cafes to

choose the sleeping cat from the billiard room. Then he would write his poems on the cloth.

"Ciccone" he called offhandedly one evening. "There are three wood-lots in my hour."

"But stay!" he added before the owner could remove the glass. "A man who has lived in the East cannot be impressed by such details. Perhaps I could lose wood-lots. I will drink there, but next time move them separately, if you please!"

He must have been in much the same mood when, between six and seven o'clock in the morning of January 29, 1855, he cracked his last joke.

Down was broken when the collapse of a army tentment in the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne found General de Nerval swinging from the third because-end of the structure. He had strangled himself with the strings from an apron. His top-hat was still tied securely to his hand.

All he had left behind him were some pages of very good verse.



# *It started this way*

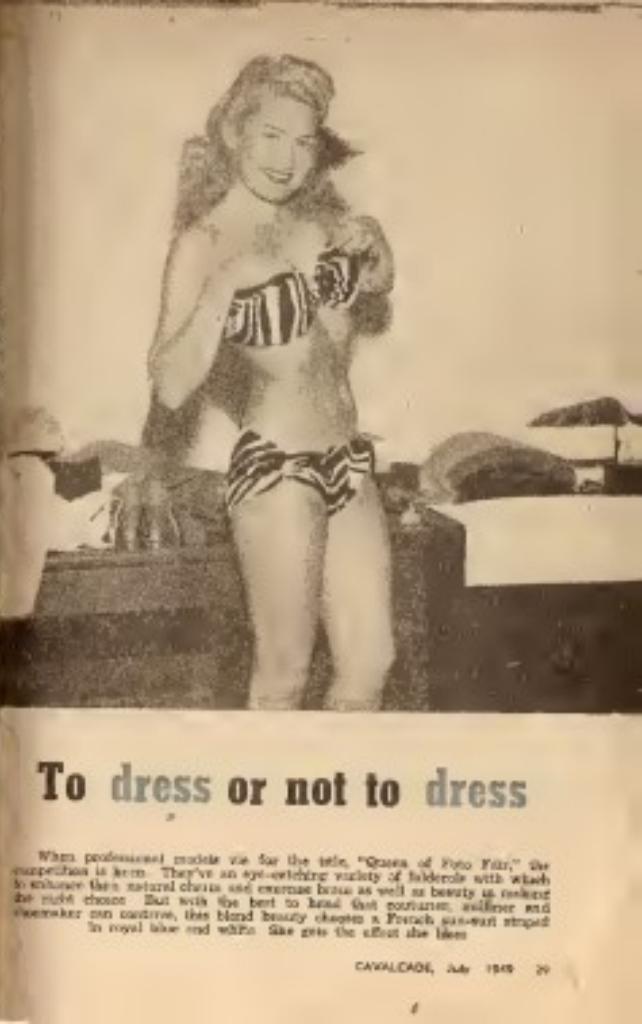


1860 and still going strong. What are we saying? It must be the connoisseurs of sleek! The name is Johnny Walker, but the date is 1861, and the subject—matches. The name may be synonymous with whisky, but the Johnny Walker, an Englishman, invented the first practical safety match. The original match was already nearly 200 years old, for, in 1861, Robert Boyle had dipped a sliver of wood treated with sulphur in a mixture of phosphorus, but his product took fire too easily to be of practical use.

A limerick is a five-line verse with rhymes and no reason. Why should it be named after a town in Ireland? The answer is in the association of the song, "Will you come up to Limerick?" Limericks are often used in competitive advertising, a product or service, the first four lines being provided, the fifth one remaining blank, to be supplied by the competitor. Edward Lear, the British artist and author, popularized the limerick with his collections contained in *The Book of Nonsense* published in 1846.



The term "horse power" was in use before mechanization, and at first there appears to be no connection between a 190 cm. and a harness, think of horse-power and you have the link. The term was first used to represent the power of a horse's dry horse, and it has been retained because it expresses the abstract word "power" in concrete form. In terms of weight, distance, and time, one-horse-power represents the ability to lift 33,000 lb. one foot in one minute. A 1,000 horse-power engine can produce 33,000,000 ft. lb. of work per minute.



## To dress or not to dress

When professional models vie for the title, "Queen of Photo Fash," the competition is keen. They've got eye-catching variety of fashions with which to enhance the natural charms and exterior beauty as well as beauty in clothing for each choice. But with the best to hand that contains, silk, satin and polyester can capture, this blond beauty chooses a French peasant striped

In royal blue and white. She gets the effect she likes.



The prize goes to the best model; she must show taste as well as looks, and this young lively siren is making a good job of both!



The newest example of bare pell may not be as important as the striking quality of the first effect. There's nothing wrong with this, is there?



Bride or bridegroom could protect financial interests by agreeing to a *chequer-mariage*

FRANK A. KING

## Striptease at the wedding

IT was a day in Birmingham, 1766. The townspeople, who had gathered to witness the wedding of their woman of property to a wealthy attorney, were not destined for disappointment—despite the fact that the bride stepped from her carriage dressed in a large white cloth instead of the wedding gown they had hoped to see.

For the dress of this event was not in the arrival of the bridal party, but at the moment when the priest emerged from the vestry, and the bride, stepping from her cloak, stood completely naked for the ceremony.

Faced with the alternative of offi-

cating and thereby exciting the wrath of the northborough, or in refusing—and possibly losing the support of his wealthy benefactor—the attorney referred to in his book for information relates to dress at nuptial ceremonies and finding no reference—continued with the narrative:

The bridegroom's creditors heard of the scandal with regard for, according to an old belief, if a woman should marry a man in distressed circumstances, none of his creditors could touch her property providing she was in poor circumstances while the ceremony was performed.

Through the case around enough str-

e be reported an *asne's Striptease* (sic) at the time. It was not unusual in the eighteenth, and even the early nineteenth, century for a marriage to be performed on chequer or with the bride in a white sheet. In this case the husband was not liable to pay the amounts his bride had contracted before the union.

The earliest reference to this strange custom is probably the incident recorded in the parish register of All Saints' Church at the English village of Cheltenham in Wiltshire, where the entry states:

"John Bradman and Anna Schoed were married October 12th, 1584. The deceased Anna Schoed was married in her smock without any clarke or headgear on."

On 25th June, 1722, another English couple, George Walker, a tallow chandler, and Mary Gee, of the George and Dragon Tavern at Grafton Green, were married at the nearest church nearby. The bride was dressed only in her shift.

The following entry in Shropshire Manchester Mercury dated 12th March, 1711, concerns the same locality and states:

"On Thursday last, was married at Asterton-under-Lyne, Nathaniel Eller to the widow Rabbett, both upwards of fifty years of age, the widow had only her shift on, with her hair bedecked with horns both on a rosette to give them both from any obligation of paying her former husband's debts."

Our visitor declined to name a sample on account of the woman presenting herself in her undergarments.

The following entry comes from a periodical called "The Atheneum" and shows how the custom continued at Baghdad into the nineteenth century, and there is also a tradition that there was a "shift wedding" in Lancashire between 1738 and 1746 when a woman was married enveloped in a sheet.

"Nov 1738. At Otley, Yorkshire, Mr

George Riesbeck, of Haworth, aged 72, to Mrs. Nolton, of Berlin, Wensleydale, aged 46, in compliance with the vulgar notion that a wife being married in a state of nudity protected her husband from legal obligations to discharge any demands on her person; the bride dressed herself at the altar, and stood羞羞答答 (shy) during the marriage ceremony was performed."

In Melville's "American" a slightly different form of ceremony is described. The author states that "a brewer's servant, in February, 1722, to prevent his liability to the payment of the debts of a Miss Britain, where he intended to marry, the lady made her appearance at the door of St Clement Danes habited in her shift; hence her monogram conveyed the record fair to a neighbouring specie's where she was completely engrossed with clothing purchased by her, and in them Mrs. Britain changed her name to church."

In all the above accounts it will be noted that the chequer-marriages were conducted for the protection of the pocket of the bride or bridegroom. The Annual Register of 1736 contains no account of another wedding of this nature.

A few days ago, a handsome, well-dressed young woman came to a church in Whitkirk, intent to be married to a man, who was attending there with a stepson. When she had advanced a little into the church, a nymph, her housemaid, began to undress her, and by degrees strip her to her shift, thus she was led, blooming and apologetic, to the alter where the nuptial ceremony was performed. It seems that this shift wedding ceremony was occasioned by an embroilment in the affairs of the married husband, upon which account the girl was advised to do this, that he might be estated to no other marriage portion than her smock."



# WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF THE DEVIL

We paint the devil foul, yet he  
Hath some good in him, all agree.

Herbert. *The Temple, The Church, Etc.*

Better sit still, than rise to meet the devil.

Dryden. *The Owl.*

Though women are angels, yet wedlock's the devil.

Byron. *Hours of Idleness, To Eliza.*

Every mordant cup is unbent, and the ingredient a devil.

Shakespeare. *Othello, Act II., Sc. III.*

What we all love is good touched up with evil—

Brigand's self must have a spice of devil.

A. H. Clough. *Dipsacus (Spirit) Sc. III.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by.

Herbert. *Jacula Prudentia.*

A right woman—either love like an angel,

Or hate like a devil—in extremes to devil.

Unknown. *The Rare Triumph of Love and Fortune. Act I.*

Better the devil's than a woman's curse.

Moxlinger. *The Parliament of Love.*

God sends us meat, the devil sends us poison.

Randolph. *Key for Honesty.*

When to sin our blisful nature leaves,

The careful devil is still at hand with means.

Dryden. *Abelion and Achitophel.*

He must needs get whom the devil decks down.

J. Heywood. *Proverbs. Bk. II.*

★ Hazel Court—J. Arthur Rank player



# Reprise



ANYBODY in N.S.W. who knew Joseph Bonelli in the first weeks of September, 1859, was not sufficiently interested to care what became of him. He belonged neither to the class of suspected clients nor to that of notorious criminals; even his life was being handled with despatch by disinterested machinists every day. Yet by September 26 he was the talk of tea parties, inter-church shop and prison gang. He was the man who cheated death.

On the morning of September 25 he was restfully considering the crime for which he awaited hearing at the Criminal Sessions Court.

He had been clipping a shrub and, happening to glance through a window, had observed Miss Mary Bryce get some money in her desk. Joseph wasn't very flush with money, and even if he had been he couldn't have resisted the provoking situation. But, unfortunately, he had been detected and here he was feeling decidedly sorry for himself! He heard his sentence uttered timidly, and found in it little cause for hope. He was to die in eight days.

Now, Joseph had a wife and Mally Bonelli was not the type to lose her husband easily. To farewell her beloved family in England and undertake the long voyage to be with Joseph had required tremendous courage. But neither her love nor her courage could delay the dawn of

a day—September 26 arrived and Joseph Bonelli was led to the gallows.

True blinding Molly as the noose was placed over Joseph's head, and, but in her grief, when the rope snapped she was conscious only of the resulting quickened interest of the spectators. She somehow realised that Joseph was being strangled on the ground and that they were awaiting his return to consciousness before once more slipping the dreaded noose about his neck. When the rope broke a second time Molly felt hope that even now her husband might cheat death. Joseph's weary face showed no emotion, and when the rope broke the third time it was the hangman who betrayed agitation.

Before another attempt could be made, the Provost-Marshal, Mr. Bright—a man known for his compassion for prisoners—had ordered that the hanging be postponed.

Then the grape-vine began to work. The man who couldn't be hanged because first interest in the town. It was known that the Provost Marshal had called on the Governor, and that the Crown was considering reprieve in view of the unusual circumstances.

Reprieve was reprieved, and for a while was passed out as hot news, but in due course his case became merely a note in the colony's records of a fast chapter of history.





# The grand cure

When it came to owing the "pore old thing," Clancy could rise above his mercenary instincts.

DINNY MURPHY'S white-faced now had been him; it whined like an asthmatic croakhouse and bellowed like a fog-horn with laryngitis.

"It's somethin' ye should be done' about it," Bridget reproved. From her seat on the edge of the veranda she cast a reproachful eye back at Disney.

Her spouse did not reply, he was absorbed in scratching the itch on his shoulder against the door post.

"It fair tears me heart out to hear her," overheard Bridget in a half-hearted attempt to gain Murphy to unvoiced action.

"An' what the devil 'ad I be doin' for it?" he demanded to know.

"An' what 'ad ye be doin' for a cold of yer own," she retorted.

At her daughter's words Sarah Shanassy stirred in the old rocking chair at the end of the veranda. Apparently Biffus before her tongue now old between her toothless gums to tick her shranken lips, they clanged with an audible click and it's speculative gleam in Disney's lockjaw eyes.

A grand old lady was Sarah, for sure one of those hard old pieces

who had opened up Shanassy's Creek to civilization.

Disney sighed lugubrily, it was hard he was that Sarah had outlived her usefulness and it was working for a living he'd have to be, for the indulgence of the stoopkeepers was wearing thin and it was cash on the nail they were asking these days.

"A terrible lot of mistakes if it'd be saidin'; an' don't a drop in the house," he snarled ploynomially, adding needlessly, "our money to buy it."

The speculative gleam now reflected in Bridget's eye, for the parlor strolled her feet. She looked at Denny. His eyes met hers, and those thoughts were plain as the day. In your eye, as Bridget was wont to say in an exuberance of pleasure, with Martin O'Reilly over the blinding return of a borrowed wash tub after the Saturday night ordered.

Sudden like a reflected Denny's reverent form, he leaped to his feet like the deer from park and screened his eyes to Mart like a bronchus in the belfry. "Get to the pup or" he bellowed. "Frome to the spring out."

Already Bridget was on her feet, waddling gracefully across the veranda as light and airy as the Rose of Killarney, the last new even thus wallowing in the mire of the scrub with daffodil yellow, as low, sprawling and agonizing around her bosom to ravish her for her milk. Savagely then arose Bridget, her bosom in an ecstasy of a coming joy.

"Poo-oh! Pia, pag, pag!" Mart's reverent voice rang the air to the accompaniment of a stick rattled in a leather tin.

"How angry?" asked Mick as his parents came to the yard.

"Fur," Shamus crooked distastefully from the veranda.

Bridget looked at Denny. Denny stretched his hands; two he had thought, but two pockets would not buy such machine, 'twas a time for sacrifice; why spend a shilling for a measure of grog and buy a coffin with the savings?

"Poor," he agreed.

With Mick he heaved two portmanteaus and the sort, then dashed into the grunting mob for two more but, as he moved, Irish Father, suspecting that his last moment as pup and his first as pup had arrived, charged straight onto Bridget's voluminous black skirt.

With a cry of alarm, Bridget pitched face downwards over the pup's back, her plump heads clashing furiously at his flanks like a nut up a pole with a dog snapping at its tail and with the downcast of his short, like a hangman's head, over the pup's head.

The Father pug-nosed and barked, charging around the yard and aquiring one of the butcher's kills who was already caressing his throat, while the two gris held heads, blubbering their four and year old Derrin Alasias doffed his countenance and waved his hand wittily in the sun.

"Safe him, man! Stick to him," he yelled in shrill falsetto.

Stratmanning out of a whirl, the bear charged blindly forward. He crashed into the kerriesen tin, rolled a short wig, then recovered on a pivot point. The ornate costume was too much for Bridget; she extricated herself and called to the dust, while Irish Father, grunting and squatting his indignation, need for the safety of the scrub.

"We done! Look at me illegit black dress!" Bridget wailed clamorously as spat the dirt from her mouth.

"Arrah, woman! We're no time to be arryvins' about a speck o' dust!" Denny admonished us, with unmercenary vigor, he stopped the best-maligned garment with the flat of his hand. "We're an crowd of rascys we are."

"It is that," she agreed lugubrially.

Once in the seat beside Denny, however, the hurt in her pride and the injury to her person were numbed by the sight of the old yellow horse paddling along between the shafts. The Prince of Orange he was, no less, and him a beast of burden at the mercy of the Murphy whip. And that responded her.

"The Harry we want, or it's we like well be," she reminded Denny. Her husband needed no second

'longgong.' Twas himself as knew, none better, that Flannagan, the butcher, would not be opening his shop just to elude Denny Murphy, and it was as medicines he'd be getting from Clancy for love or credit.

"Fifteen bob apiece," declared Flannagan with frankly, after inspecting the load of prospective pork.

Denny snorted into his beard. It was a sly, suspicious nature had Flannagan; he thought the last two weeks were "dirty spalpeens", his hen-like fits clasped tightly and Denny edged nervously towards the single cover of the wits of his bones. She ducked at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Out of the goodness of yer heart, Mother Flannagan," she pleaded. "I'm not fit for workhouse, will be wonterful if it's for one pore callin'." A body-rickness sob shook off her words, and Flannagan shuffled unconfidently on his feet. With a tremendous effort at self-control, Denny consoled trustfully, "We'd dyin' site is."

"Well, well, now, it's sorry I see to be horrin' that!" Flannagan established a soft-hearted gaze upon Denny, though he did drive a hard bargain in the way of business. "A grand cold lady she's been, too. Well now, I'll make it a pound a piece."

At the hotel it was Flannagan himself who blearily whispered the salutes to Clancy, for it was overcome with sleep that the couple were.

About that time O'Reilly stopped by, then Madigan then Flannagan, and then Mulligan, and each in turn offered his condolences, but it was not so much the words that were spoken, as the spirit that inspired them, that supported the grieving couple with cheerful and salutes until late that night when Mick rode in to fetch them home.

The publican shook his head sadly, but as the dolorous assembly prepared to depart he nose above his

monetary instincts and placed two bottles of the hot Irish whisky in the spring cart, and not one penny price would he take against the price of them.

"To the last I could be done," but "to the last oddities I could be offerin'," he told them, waving aside their grateful thanks. "There's none can be worn when troubles afflict them that Clancy was backward in givin' them a helpin' hand along the downward path. It's a grand odd lady she was."

When they arrived at the house, Sarah and the children were fast asleep, so they sent Mick to bed, too. There was work to be done whatever befall, and only him to do it, but themselves they would not spare the needs and relief of the suffering inmates must come first.

After a lot of trouble they prepared the poor beast to eat a hot fire-crack well spiced with half a bottle of Clancy's medicine, then they set themselves down on the ground beside her and sipped Irish Fortune as a back-crust, swelled the veins occasionally fortifying their spirits and their strength with liberal dosages of the medicine. It was there that Mick found them in the morning—sleek, but cold, stiff, and aching.

"Is the cow better?" he asked, as he helped them towards the house.

Bridget answered a reply, but her thin, wheezy whisper could not be heard, the chill of the night had given her laryngitis, but, although the frost of the dawn had closed her bronchial tubes, Denny managed to croak hoarsely. "We shuns na' it in. 'Tis a grand cure for a cold."

In the light of the morning sun, the white face of the cow was various and mean, but in a deep, even, bass note it bellowed a whole-hearted appraisal of Denny's sentiments. "Moo-hoo-hoo."

# HIGH DIVE TO Oblivion



The police left the salving in the nose from the west, but talked him to the northeast.

JOHN D. MACDONALD

I worked in a bank, in one of those jobs where you've got to lead a close life or they won't take a chance on you. He was smart enough to know that I had his schedule figured out pretty well. I worked on it long enough. I gave up my job to work as a, and now that it's over, I think I'll go back to that little east-west town that I came from—that Clara came from.

On that last day I fell asleep a lot closer. I knew that I had been so useful that he wouldn't know me from a hole in the wall. I sat opposite

him on the express that he took every weekend day off. I sat across from him and looked at his wide pale face, at the black curtailed hair or the backs of his hands and the backs of his fingers. He sat, looking sleepily at the man cluttered along the damp air rushing in the windows. I looked at him and I had it all planned and I wondered what sort of song and dance he had given Clara—what he had told her to make her fall for him. And I wondered what he had told his wife during those evenings when he had gone to Clara instead of her.

The man rocked along and I knew that in seven minutes I would do it. I would do it when he changed trains. It would be easy. Just as easy as what he did to Clara. I looked at his square wrists. He had the strength to do it. His eyes were sleepy. He wouldn't have looked sleepy if he'd known what was going to happen in seven minutes. He wouldn't have looked the least bit sleepy. Since people crowded on, blocking off my view of him, and I had a chance to think of Clara.

Funny that I had to think of her after it was too late—for us. I mean

The same small town. She was still with wide eyes set far apart and a constant look of anticipation, as though she knew and understood that he was going to bring her everything that is fine and good.

Maybe it would have, if it hadn't been for the man with the wide pale face and the sleepy eyes.

I should have made it more definite with Clara. I could have married her before I went in the service, but I was infantry and I didn't expect to get through it all I did, however, and when I got back home she was gone.



"I CAN'T even conplete an expensive shirtfront without long out layover to write something as it," said Bernard Shaw in an interview. "There was well available concession an winter-winded walls rather than not at all. It is part of the born writer's modus operandi." When asked, "Is any of your plays your personal favorite?" he snapped, "No, of course not. My plays are not personal. I have no time to bathe with them after they're finished and launched." He was later asked why his early novels were not as successful as his later plays had been. "How do you know that my novels have been less successful?" Shaw demanded. "My plays remain unacted for years at a stretch, but people go on buying my novels, and perhaps even reading them."

In the city, they said. Okay, so she was in the city and I had a bad case of nerves and I went to Sydney running to look her up, to find her and everything would be fine again. But somehow I never did. She was working at a stenographer, they said. In a bank.

By the time I got myself straightened out, and had gotten sick of thinking of her a lot and even dreaming about her, I went to the bank.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Miss Ackerman left here about two months ago. No, we don't know where she's working now. Yet, I can give you the home address she had when she left us."

One of those houses receiving houses with a community kitchen on each floor and a general air of dust and disorder.

"No, there isn't no Miss Ackerman here, but yeah, but she left here, eh, at least been here two months ago. No, no forwarding address."

The tall was gone, so three weeks later, I phoned the same town and asked her mother and got an awful of details because Clara had written her every other day and she had been answering letters care of General Delivery and then two weeks before, the letters had stopped. They had stopped on the tenth of June. That is, according to her belief, she should have written on the tenth. The last letter she wrote on the eighth.

It bothered me. I knew that Clara wasn't the sort to stop visiting her mother unless she had to. It didn't look right.

It worried me so much that I couldn't do right by the job. I kept staring at the office wall and wondering what had happened to Clara and how I could find out.

A few days later I went to the Police Headquarters and started asking questions, telling them that a gal friend, Alice Williams, had come to town and was supposed to meet me on the ninth of June and the never made it and I was worried about her. I gave a general description that could have fitted Clara.

I talked to several guys and then they showed me in an Inspector Walle up a small office loaded with files on the third floor.

"Why'd come you took so long coming around, Mr. Deever?"

"Well, I thought I was just getting the brushoff, and then I began to worry about maybe she had been run over or something and didn't have any identification. So I thought I better come around."

"When was the last time you knew this Miss Williams was okay?"

"On the eighth, I phoned her."

"That restricts it a little." He dug around in the files and came out with four folders.

There were pictures in the files. He started to show them to me.

Four dead, unidentified. I looked at the pictures. A truck had nearly run one in two. She was too pretty to be Clara and the face wasn't right. The second one was a swarthy one who had been tossed out of the harbour. Not her. The third one came out of the year ten, only she had been down a long, long time. Probably right through the winter. He said the lab gave the natural hair colour as unknown. Not Clara. When she was a little kid her hair was as black as the crow is in her own sun's own pencil.

The fourth one was a mess. Her face was mashed. She could have been Clara. She was the right size to be Clara. The blood-smeared hair was black.

"That could be her. What happened?"

"This was a funny one. The papers gave it a big play. Maybe you remember it. This is the one that took the high dive and landed in the truck."

I remembered it vaguely.

He said, "A Hinge Transport Company truck had to pick up a load across town. He was slowly picking through the traffic when he heard a bang and thought somebody had piled into him. He pulled over and went and looked. No damage. He had a big trailer job, and he'd picked up a small load that didn't take much room. Anyway, when he got back to the warehouse and opened up the door in the back, there was that dead gal. No clothes. No identification. She had come down through the roof of the van and smashed on the bed of the truck."

"The papers give it a big play and the job went over her good. The bones in her face are crushed so they can't reconstruct the features. Nobody saw her fall, and we can't even find out where she jumped from. The driver

couldn't remember exactly where he heard the news. They figure she fell face down as she went through the roof of the trailer. From her hands, from the collars, they figure she'd done a lot of typing up to maybe a month or so before she jumped. We checked everything and no soap. The eagle we figure is that maybe some joker knocked her off. It looks that way."

I thought of what that knowledge would do to Clara's mother. And I still couldn't be certain that it was her. A noisy way to go out.

"Any record of soap or marks or anything?"

"Yeah, here's the lot. Let me see... now. Both bars, look says, at the ends of her left arm. A pinkish scar on the right side of her throat which maybe she had an abscess lesson when she was a kid. The X-ray showed an old break of the left collarbone."

I said slowly, "Gosh, I thought for a while it might be her. But that stuff you just told me doesn't fit. I think Clara just gave me the brush-off."

He grinned. "Sometimes it goes that way. You want to give me a full description and a picture just in case?"

"No thanks."

He was stopping the fat folder back in the file as I left. He didn't seem particularly interested.

I found the driver for Hopper and he told me what he thought it had happened. I got the picture that Clara had sent me while I was overseas. Her wide eyes looked out of the picture at me with that wonderful look of anticipation. The photographer had tried to brush out the gathered hair on the right side of her throat where she had had an abscess located when she was a kid. But it still showed a little.

It was a part of town where there are cheap little apartments. I had a

## OR IS THERE A LIMIT TO EVERYTHING?

It's only idle speculation,  
Yet it would be fun to know  
Whether in infatuation  
For the best the world can  
show.

In carved old antique chairs,  
In many antique books,  
In vulture with its preys,  
(And other gear of ancient  
days).

Ever brings the antique love  
To a sudden urge to be  
At least a trifle modest  
To his own antiquities.

black and a half of the right side of a street to cross.

At the end of the third day I found a great veteran elevator operator who looked at the papers and said, "Yeah, she used to live here. You the cops or something?"

I gave her five and said, "Let's not talk about that. What apartment?"

"Let's see Eighth floor front. Fifteen less I think."

"What name?"

She went away then and came back in three minutes. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Durrell." She added.

"That was a phone you think?"

"About three nights a week he won't have at all. The other nights, I always run him down around midnight and he don't come back. And he's a nice girl too."

"What did he look like?"

"I don't know. Just a guy. Between thirty and forty. Husky. Sort of white faced. That's all I can tell you."

"They checked out?"

"Mr. Durrell did the checking out. "Can you tell me what day?"

"I saw it on the card when I looked up the names. The ninth." Chen had hit the track on the ninth.

It's a furnished apartment.

"Yeah. The two of them took most of the staff off on the eighth. When he finally left he only had a little bag of stuff left in take out."

A little bag with her clothes in it I thought.

"You could tell who it was? I mean if I brought a picture of a lot of guys you could figure out which one was the Mr. Durrell?"

"Sure. I can't describe him, but I could recognize a pattern."

She had been working at the bank and had quit. I had to be as processor. He had done a lot of helping. I could see what had happened. She was going to make trouble for him. Probably he had lied to her about getting a divorce or something and she had found out. I stumbled from the front of the building to where the truck had to be and I knew damn well that Chen couldn't have jumped that far.

I figured that it had to be about fifteen feet horizontal distance—plus the eight-story drop. It made me sick to my stomach when I thought of that drop. But I knew she hadn't fit. At no point have taken a chance on the screws.

I could see how it was done. He stopped her and stripped her. Then he watched the slow moving traffic holding her, probably, the window frame wide if you look. He had to strangle. It probably meant a run halfway across the room, ending up dying by the window, twisting away as she crashed down through the top of the truck. He had to be a powerful man.

So I muddled on probability, and I reached a answer, let myself give four days' visibility, bought a dirty cap in a used clothing store, stationed myself outside the bank, the side door where the people came out who worked there. I only snorped the men, the stocky men between thirty and forty. I pretended to sleep the others. I tried

to hand every one of them one of those little cards telling them where to send their address and theough to get a picture.

They came out good. I took the prints back to the slavish woman and she pocketed the second five and pointed to the fourth picture I showed her. She was positive. She got mad when I asked her if she was absolutely certain.

I threw the others away and went back to the bank. He sat behind a wooden railing and his name was on a little plate on his desk. A. T. Warden. He had a wide pale face and black curling hair on the backs of his hands. He was working hard, with people waiting to see him. I didn't want to see him.

I still couldn't be sure. I found his home phone and called his wife and made an appointment. "Yes, Mrs. Warden."

"This is kind of a delicate situation, Mrs. Warden, but I represent the Alton Investigation Agency. I can't reveal my source but . . ."

"Won't you come in?" She had a thin, nervous face and nervous fingers.

I sat opposite her. "As I was saying, I can't reveal my source, but I heard that you might be interested in finding out . . . shall we say . . . the extramarital activities of your husband. We can offer the most discreet—"

"How did you find out?"

"I can't tell you."

"Your want is important, Mr. . ."

"Maybe it is. But a friend of yours insisted that we approach you."

"Probably a few months ago, I would have seen you Alexander then led to me about working late I could tell by his manner that he was destroying me. But that's over now. His cousin comes principally every night. His position in the bank is a good one. I think he finally realized that he could spoil it by running around."

"Thank you for telling me that. You can be assured that it will go no further."

"I told you because I don't care whether it's reported or not. I'm afraid I don't care very much what happens to Alexander Warden."

I was almost positive, but not quite. One small bit of doubt left.

I had to talk to her, but not too soon. If I were too soon I should lose my chance, for there would be no shooting my intent.

Curious, I thought, that a man could deceive his wife, deserve a lovely girl like Chen to the point of having to murder her, and, having murdered her, return to his wife and to his work as though nothing had happened.

For some distance I allowed myself to lessen vigilance of Warden, confident in the fact that there were still some minutes to go before the train was due to stop. In my case the watch of people still formed a line between us.

I got to thinking about myself. Would this thing make any difference to me? I was not the murdering type. Even in the industry I'd held the personal side of war, the cutting off of life by my own action. But there was nothing cold-blooded in war. They worked you up to it. It was a case of you man me you—now it had to be you.

Killing Chen must have been cold-blooded though, the woman at the house had told him about the clothes, and of the one small suitcase that Warden had eventually taken out of all. The killing of Chen was mercifully planned. And now Warden, if it were really he who had done it seemed to feel neither.

When I found out that he was the man I was after, there would not be a drop of cold-blood in my veins. I would be as hard that killing him would be the most natural thing I had ever done. I felt that even when I had cooled down I would know no

man of rock is having killed a man. The passengers were beginning to shudder. They were retrieving their coats, buttoning up coat collars.

Some of the people got off the train and I could see how angry he folded his newspaper and put it in his pocket. Then he clapped eyes to a local. His eyes were sleepy and the black hair grew earnestly on the backs of his thick white hands. Hands that had touched Charn.

He set up and I followed him. Not too close. Stood and waited for the other train. I walked up behind him, and of his habit of standing close to the tracks that pleased me in the corners of the four-foot pit. He took his newspaper and started to read it again.

I moved my close behind him, waiting for the approaching roar of the engine. The tracks had to be right. I held my own paper up and listened as I moved closer to him. I moved so close that the backs of my fingers brushed the fakings of his suit. He

felt the contact and moved a little closer to the edge. I moved closer.

I said quickly, "Charn Arkansas sends her love."

He turned violently, his eyes wide, his face a picture of guilt, holding the train, realizing my intent as I leaned toward him. His paper fluttered down onto the tracks. The train was yards away.

One quick shove and then I could stand and scream with the others while the steel wheels ground him to bloody meat.

They grabbed me then and threw me back. Two medium-sized men in quiet suits with the still cold, wire faces of the police.

They had not him too. There was a band of steel around his wrist and around the wrist of one of them. He tried to pull away and his face was the colour of fresh cement. I scrambled up, and before they could stop me, I snatched my fist into that wide white face, the jolt of the blow

stirred my hand, hurting my shoulder.

They took me along too.

I sat across the desk and from Inspector Wulff and he said, "That won't be the right way to do it, Mr. Deven. This is police business. Thanks to you, it's all sorted up. Still, I'm not content a phrase when I say that you shouldn't take the law into your own hands."

"I'd realize that now, but I gazed for a while. I was out of my hand. I wanted to kill him."

"Sure. But we couldn't let you. We had a tool on you constantly from the time you left my office."

"But why? What did I say? What did I do that gave you the tip?"

"Well, for one thing, you turned white as a ghost when I told about the disintegrating marks on her body. But the second thing was a little more interesting. You told me you were checking on an Alice Wilfress. When I told you about the marks on her

body, you said that Charn gave you the brushoff."

"We don't like unsolved crimes. We figure a girl would scream if she escaped. That scream would be heard. So we let you do our work for us for a while. You did a nice job. Deven. Very nice. You ever think of perhaps work as a career?"

I didn't answer for a long time. It was a good job. I liked her. But there was still no open sore in my mind that needed healing.

I said, "I've got a trip to teleo, first I'm going home. Just a small update town. I'll be back. Maybe I'll see you then."

"Good, Deven."

He stopped me when I got to the door. He said, "By the way, Deven. This won't get much of a play in the papers. You see, we were a little nervous."

"How?"

"Alexander Warner managed to bring himself to his cell last night."



# the two man TENT

Designed and Painted by  
GLENNOX



For two men who want to go hiking the "two man tent" is the model. It is light in weight, thoroughly waterproof, and exceedingly easy to handle. That's what the ad said anyway.

Tent poles are pieces of wood fast in each corner of the tent. The only purpose of these poles is to hold the canvas taut whenever their opposite numbers are being extracted. This, naturally, can go on for days.



If two trees are used for support the tent poles may be chosen from either side of the tent with take care the characteristics of a canvas pyramid, and who wants to live in a pyramid?

Springs for tent poles are should be chosen for strength and durability. The stronger the supports the more solid the structure. You will find this out when the whole world collapses, which it always does.



When choosing a night in which to pitch the tent always pick a position where there is a small hill, the small hill comes in very handy to sit on if you happen to be packed up in the dead of night.



Apart from being secondarily popular among men who go hiking the tents are also popular with many families at Nature trails either walled, crevices, rock crevices, open woods, or just plain hills, not least LAUGHS.

# Passing Sentences

If a girl gets to work on time every morning, first thing you know they'll expect it.

In international affairs, peace is said to be a period of shooting between two periods of fighting.

A former who sent for a book on How to Grow Tomatoes wrote the publisher: "The man who won the ad should write the book."

Even the characters in a novel deserve a little privacy.

Ovenized in the clubhouse: "What joyful weather."

The orchestra went from rags to riches.

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

I told my wife it was a pity she did not go to live with her mother as she knew all our business.

A highbrow author is a maf who can't write about something that he doesn't understand and make you think it's your fault.

Men in city restaurants: "Barley Soup."

A chrysanthemum by any other name would be easier to spell.

People with time to spare usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

Dining is a triumph of mind over platter.

To write a modern manual but all you have to do is to take something composed by the masters—and then disown it.

University students presented the famous old play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Friday night, Thomas Hines played as Uncle Tom, Betty Martin was a lovely Little Eva, and Grace Lucy was Topsy.

My insomnia is so bad I can't even sleep when it's time to get up.



"Nevertheless, sir, it has a disconcerting effect on the readers."



## A ccent on COURAGE

Australians will remember Harold Russell, the brilliant American veteran, for his dramatic and enthusiastic portrayal in "The Best Years of Our Lives," the motion-picture which won him two Academy awards. Harold lost his hands in 1944 when a defective fuse caused the premature explosion of a charge of TNT. Nevertheless he can do almost anything with his "hooks."



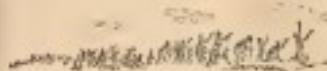
When 12-year-old Jerry runs into trouble with his toy weapons and tricks, Del comes to the rescue. Himself home at in Weymouth, Massachusetts, where he lives with his wife Rita and their two children. He likes to help Rita in the kitchen, but because so adept that Rita often just looks on. He has been described the "most natural" actor ever tested in Hollywood.





Russell makes sure the alarm is set, winds it himself. His days are full. Recently he has interrupted his home life and his senior studies at Boston University to tour his country, speaking in high school, college and other groups in the promotion of tolerance and brotherhood. Religious and other groups have selected him for their Brotherhood award of the year.

## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



PRELIMINARY TRIALS have shown that a new mould-destroyer chest of drug, carboxymycin, may prove effective against virus pneumonia. So far the virus has proved stronger than antibiotics and anti-drugs. Doctors reporting the discovery to the American Federation for Clinical Research say that the response to treatment was dramatic.

THEIR'S a new plastic film dressing which not only looks neat and clean outside, but keeps a wound free from bacteria which develops under the other dressings. It is made of a nylon-fibrelike film. Experiments are reported in the British Journal, *The Lancet*. The dressing is based on a wartime discovery which was the result of a search for suitable clothing for tropical warfare. Another advantage is that the wound can be inspected without lifting the nylon dressing, because the doctor can see through it; the dressing will remain in place for days if the skin is free from grease and a heavy growth of hair.

THE JOURNAL of the American Medical Association reports the use of histamine as a valuable preventative and treatment for malignant tumours. The substance is a body tissue chemical, thought to create many allergic reactions. During experiments it was injected beneath the skin and

dropped into the veins. Of the 346 patients studied, 16 showed 21 to 30 per cent improvement. The treatment is not a cure, but continual treatment has freed patients from the headache over a period of a year.

A SYNTHETIC derivative of phenothiazine, called phenacetin is the latest discovery for treating all common forms of epilepsy. Dr. Frederic Gibbs of the Illinois College of Medicine has been conducting clinical experiments and reports effective results to the National Medical Chemistry Symposium of the American Chemical Society. The anti-epileptic was searched in screening about 300 specially prepared chemicals for something that would control artificially induced convulsions in mice.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that X-Rays and cathode rays produced at high voltage will destroy strong concentrations of bacteria, protozoa and molds. Researchers found that the sterilizing effect was good in cases of raw and pasteurized milk, soil and water but in an experiment where fruit juice was irradiated to see if the vitamin C content would be destroyed it was noted that the vitamin was markedly reduced. The changes that the rays cause are due to the disturbance created in the structure of the sensitive substance when the particles in the rays hit it.

Unfortunate for the victim, let a hangman provide citizens with a cold day, and the hangman earned in an infamy.



MERVYN ANDREWS

THE hammer stopped sharply on a solid beam above the aisle of Dartmoor Gaol, the "Bridge of Death" was ready for John Keane's passage to eternity.

The bonds of human compassion had nearly rung in vain. Before dawn Sunday-travellers commenced to cluster for a giddy day while picnickers and pack-peddlers plied their trade. Thousands of citizens crowded around the gallows. Bonfires and fire, gentry and labourer, master and apprentice lady, housewife, and bairkin advanced a feast of horror to come, and stayed to gloat over the gauntlet

and givings of the helpless youth suspended from that grimnoose known and dying by slow strangulation.

No master deserved that this show was for adults only. The "Hands of the People," a journal brought in the winter of its first crusade, mocked the system in Vol. I No. 4 of 1st May 1843, claiming that there were five children to every adult in that human-hanging multitude. It damned, by name, boys from a nearby school who attended to a bairkin; they clattered and crawled between lines at the executioner's wares.

Yet these callousids were but echo-

ing and weakly, the inevitable universal of nineteenth-century England, in crime, blood, and punishment. Until nearly the end of the eighteenth century, successor to the office of the Governor Ordinary of Newgate Prison was a monopoly of the "Lost Words" and "Confessions" of the condemned within his care. Thereafter the execution failures of the popular newsmen and broadsheets of the day leaped high. The "Newgate Calendar," "Annals of Crime," "Terrific Register," "Maledictor" Register," "Lost Death Societies," and "Letters from the Condemned Cell" served only to satiate the appetite of the populace.

The hangman earned in an infamy. Customs had long given him charge of the victim's clothes, but he made more out of ropes excessively priced at six pence an inch.

The sale of ropes had long been prohibited, though a number of exhibitors are available in the "Black Museum" of Scotland Yard.

An enterprising person who sold "Greasers' pub" at the hanging found his wares in strong demand at all subsequent executions. That occasion, too, was a large source of profit to the hospital trustees, estimates of corpus sold throughout the country ranging from £80,000 to £100,000. The "freelance" of the day set two shifts for the executioner and the prison and the "patron" divided the spoils.

Colonel S. G. Partridge, former Assistant Secretary, New Scotland Yard, in his "Prisoner's Progress" asserts that 300,000 people attended Fawcettroy's hanging in 1855, as many at Greenaway's in 1857, and also at Charnier's in 1858. As the last-named so great was the crush that dooms fainted and many were trampled to death. A baby was saved only by being snatched from the arms of its dying mother and passed over the heads of the crowd to safety.

These public executions were crude and gruesome. The prisoner walked

to the scaffold, usually mounted at necessity, by an official. While the executioner adjusted the noose, the Ordinary continued his administration. At a signal from the executioner the condemned man was "turned off"—was merely gripped his legs from beneath the scaffold and dragged downwards to ensure suffocation.

After the crowd had dispersed, two groups invariably remained at the scaffold. One group, though of all classes, were invited to faith in the efficacy of the "Dead Stroke"; they were grieve sufferers hoping for cure by passing the dead man's hand thrice across the swelling.

The second group were relatives beseeched with vain hope of getting the body for burial, but surgeons had to be retained. It went to the hospital for dissection.

Not all relatives had the same praiseworthy intentions. The unlawful plauding of his mother earned for her the body of Caesar, a highwayman hanged on 2nd October, 1828. The road lads exhibited the corpse for three days, charging six pence a look. Doubtless she settled a tidy sum and passed more by asking the expense for dissection afterwards.

Delivery of the body to the hospital became law about 1829, but when public hangings were abolished in England in 1868, burial within the prison of execution became the rule. A direction to that effect was incorporated in the approved form of sentence adopted by English judges in 1833. The body now hangs for an hour. The doctor pronounces death and an inquest is held before the corpse is placed in a coffin packed with quick lime for preservation.

Michael Barrett, hanged at Newgate on 28th May, 1868, was the last man publicly hanged in England, and the trial in British annals since then has been without publicity. The jail officials, sheriff, hangman, doctor, and chaplain being the only witnesses although after the so-called battle of

Warrnambool in New South Wales in November, 1879, the hangman, "Bones", was hanged in the presence of forty persons, mostly officials and members of Parliament.

America, on the other hand, practices execution. At the execution of Guy, the "Iron Wolf" case, reporters were so numerous that they had to be admitted to the death chamber in relays and a photo of the criminal in the chair at the moment of the switch-on was front-page in a New York daily; it sold 1,150,000 copies.

Despite the same at Derrifordhurst in 1847, Australian sentiment showed early revolt against public punishment. James Beechum, a member of the Society of Friends who toured Australia in the Thirties, asserted that he saw the body of a murderer hanging in a gibbet near Perth (Transcript) in 1827. So strong was public opinion against this first experiment that the Executive resolved never to repeat it.

In several States of Australia the death penalty has been abolished, and in others the King's mercy can reprieve an executed man. It is over a decade since New South Wales recorded a hanging, but the penalty is pronounced and may be given effect to in that State and in Victoria for murder, high treason and rape.

Australian prisons in recent months tended to a reprieve being awarded an English couple under sentence of death for murder.

Besides stoning and electrocution, though favored in some countries, are less common than hanging as a form of capital punishment. Hanging was introduced into England very early in history, although in 460 B.C. the condemned was thrown into a quarry. Mosaic law made reference to hanging, as in Deuteronomy XXI, where directions are given for the burial of the body before darkness.

Under older Roman Law a virgin

could not be hanged. It was necessary for the executioner to violate Seneca's daughter before carrying out the sentence of death imposed upon her.

John Lawrence in his "History of Capital Punishment" shows clearly that the law had little consideration for either age or sex. Klauselin Meach, and Eliza, were hanged for murder in 1296, while in 1311 a boy of nine was publicly hanged at Chelmsford for setting fire to a house.

A woman condemned to death would be naked if she were pregnant. A jury of twelve women was entitled to determine the fact, which, if established, caused a stay until after the birth of the child. The humanitarians of the early twentieth century narrowly escaped a reprieve, but in 1923 the sentence of death on a pregnant woman guilty of murder was abolished in England.

With the abandonment of public executions, officials gave attention to the scientific aspects of hanging with a view to streamlining the humanization perfection of capital death.

The best, the platform from a high ladder, the jerking does a cast, and various forms of slow strangulation had already given place to an improved "drop". The "New Drop" at Newcastle, installed in 1852, was a collapsible platform built to accommodate twelve hangmen simultaneously, yet it frequently involved the unplayful of assistants to drag at the victim's legs to kill.

Link surgeons had meantime been studying the lethal effect of the knot in varying positions and with different lengths of drop. They favored the "horizontal" position to kill by fracture of the second vertebra.

Weight and physical condition had to be taken into account. English hangmen, Marwood, and his son, Harry, studied and scientifically applied the Irish theories, and later the Home Office incorporated the results of their experience into a

formula for the guidance of hangmen.

The drop now varies from two feet to nine feet according to weight. Copper (1210), 128 pounds weight, dropped seven feet dies quickly, while Sir Roger Casement (1873), 188 pounds was given a six feet one and a half inch fall.

Special attention, too, has been given to the rope. Berry claimed that he had reached near-perfection with a ½ inch rope of five-twisted English hemp for a man and four-strand of steelier quality for a woman. Great care is taken by hangmen to keep these access flexible and free swinging. Despite these advances, instantaneous

death has probably not been achieved. Drift, though his "Handbook on Hanging" has been attacked seriously as propaganda and as untrue, claims that in this case out of ten several minutes elapse before death. English law forbids a participant the doctor certifies from outward appearance only.

The long nerve-sucking processions from condemned cell to scaffold has now been largely eliminated. A bad case occurred in Canada in 1878 when it took one hour eleven minutes to hang Antonio Saccoccia, but in 1938 an English case recorded ten seconds only from death cell to drop.

#### "WHAT SMELLS SO GOOD?"





JOSEPHINE BURNS

# babies on the black

The directed activities from a literary apartment and disposed of "it babies" a month.

THEY don't actually put unwanted babies on the black for adoption in the U.S.A. these days, but they do have their traffic in human flesh.

The sale of day-old babies is a billion-dollar industry. It is an industry which could flourish in this country, too.

Last year, 1300 unwanted babies were presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney alone, and that department turned over at the beginning of this year a list of over 100 married couples who were willing to adopt the first available babies.

Carefully put, the babies have become a commodity in short supply; more people want them than can get them, and that is the situation which in the U.S.A. has given rise to cases like the following:

An eighteen-year-old unmarried mother who unsuccessfully sought to regain her baby, told a New York court recently how her child had been taken from her.

While awaiting the birth of the baby, the girl had been given domestic work at the maternity home where she was to be confined. A woman, allegedly from a charitable organization, approached her to see if she had made

arrangements for the baby's adoption. When the girl told her she hadn't the woman said, "You don't have to worry. I'll take care of everything. No one need ever know of your dilemma or that you have had a baby."

Shocked and frightened, the girl had allowed that woman to take her into against her knowledge documents hardly knowing what she was doing. But when the baby was born, the young mother didn't want it adopted.

"I don't care what people think," he told a nurse when the child was week old. "I'm going to keep my baby."

"It's too late," the nurse said. "The people you signed it over to, came and took it away the moment."

What could the police do? Their only charge was of misappropriation against the woman, who had stated she was from a charitable institution. It was believed that the child had been "sold," but there was no proof of a monetary transaction, and the legal foundation had been harmed through the court immediately after the baby's birth.

Its new parents would not co-operate with the police, and as the child was legally theirs, they refused to give it up.

Statistics recently published suggest the possibility that such a market may already be operating in Australia.

The number of babies presented for adoption through the Child Welfare Department in Sydney has been rising steadily in past years, until in 1964/65 the figures show that 355 boys and 680 girls were adopted in that year, making a total of 1,035. In 1966/67, there were 367 boys and 739 girls, totaling 1,106. But in 1967/68, there was a sudden drop to 687 boys and 894 girls, a total of 1,581. At the same time, private adoptions rose sharply from 103 in 1965/67 to 206 in 1966/68, and although free institutions are not yet available, it is believed they declined in 1968/69.

There is no evidence that any of these private adoptions were arranged on a remunerative basis. Under the Child Welfare Act of New South Wales passed in 1959, it is legal for a mother to sell her baby for adoption. But it is not legal for adopting parents to be paid for taking the child.

When that Act was passed the demand for babies for adoption was not as great and few mothers would have had to be paid to part with an unwanted child. On the other hand, the establishment of baby farms would have been encouraged had the Act allowed any but the mother to accept money for a child.

Today the position has altered. The Child Welfare Department has an *elite* married couple assigned of adopting a child that, allowing for choice of the child's sex, "existing" of parents and child, and the completion of legal requirements, each couple must wait a year to eighteen months before a baby is allotted to them.

These people might find the temptation too great and accept the offer of a baby without due lengthy delay.

In America unscrupulous keepers, doctors and nurses are co-operating with blackmarketeers operations in inducing mothers to relinquish claim on their infants. Blackmarketeers, beauticians, shampooists, sharpers and hotel employees are frequently employed because they are in constant communication with the public.

A woman who confides to her hairdresser that she wants to adopt a child but has to wait a long time before one becomes available, is told in confidence that there is a person who might be able to help, that is, if Madam is prepared to pay a small fee.

A meeting is arranged with the agent and a deposit paid, usually before the birth of the child, but purchaser and mother never meet. Sometimes a child is sold by its mother through the blackmarketeer when it is

a year or even two years old. In this case, the "scrangies" take a large percentage of the price paid.

The personal background or family history of the child is not divulged to adopting parents, and they must take the risk of hereditary disease or mental tendencies. On the other hand, the babies are sold indiscriminately to criminals; alcoholics, prostitutes, drug addicts, or anyone who can pay the price demanded, with no thought for the welfare of the child. Many children, it is believed, are being raised for the white class trade.

The utmost secrecy is maintained by the organizers in their transactions, and because the child's mother and the adopting parents do not want publicity, few cases are brought to the notice of police or public.

Consequently, however, the police have been able to snuff a "baby ring" on the complaints of couples who declare they have been swindled.

If the baby which has been bought is still-born or dies at birth, another baby will be found. But if the purchasers refuse to take a baby they have paid for, there is no refund of the deposit, which usually represents half the purchase money.

One case which led to the arrest and conviction of five people in 1948, was a perfidious one. A young couple who had been married five years and had been told they would not have children of their own, decided they could not wait two or three years to adopt a child. They paid \$60 dollars, as part of the price, to an agent for a baby to be born the following month. After its birth, the couple were told the baby's legs were hopelessly deformed.

Refused the return of their deposit, the husband and wife informed the police. Then after the arrests were made, they went to see the baby. Its mother had died in labour, and the young couple were so sorry for the

little mite with its twisted, misshapen legs that they decided to adopt it after all and endeavour to have its limbs straightened by surgery.

In February this year, the matron of a maternity hospital in New York asked the police to check on a well-dressed, maternity-seeking woman she had noticed persistently visiting invalid mothers in the hospital.

On investigation, the police found the woman was a Canadian, Mrs. Alice Satherthwaite, aged 25, the key figure in a nationwide baby ring.

She lived in a luxurious Fifth Avenue apartment, from which she directed the ring's activities, acting herself as an intermediary and arranger.

Mrs. Satherthwaite was arrested in New York when it was proved she had provided prenatal care for the expectant mothers in return for their babies, which she had sold for adoption. She had received as much as \$300 dollars equivalent £250 for some of the babies, and she had disposed of an average of 20 children a month. In addition to personal contact, she had operated an extensive mail-order system by advertising the babies for adoption through the newspapers.

Every care is being taken by the Child Welfare Department to prevent the mistreatment and spreading of a baby market in Australia. But its efforts can be successful only if it has the co-operation of people wanting to adopt children.

Adopting couples may have to exercise patience while they wait for their baby through official channels, but if they do so, they can be sure that caution and care will go into its selection. And most important, they can help to keep out of Australia, one of the greatest sources America has ever known—a marketplace for babies. There must be a lot of willing buyers before a market of this nature would be able to operate.



"Here's a cheerful little item on the front page. Wonder how it got there?"

# plan with a view

With the emphasis still on the small home, "Cavalcade" this month offers a suggestion for another two bedroom house. It is for a building allotment from which the main outlook is either to one side or to the rear.

The principal rooms are placed so that they take full advantage of the view, and large windows are the principal characteristic of this side of the house. There is also an open terrace, which is approached from the living room and from the main bedroom.

A feature of the plan is the large living room, the size of which is further enhanced by the addition of a dining area.

Each bedroom is fitted with a built-in wardrobe, and both are adjacent to the bathroom, which is modern in layout and has a separate shower recess.

Where the view is to the side the minimum frontage required is 40 feet and where to the rear 70 feet. The area of the house is 1,250 square feet.



THE HOME OF 12-BAY (NO. 34)  
PREPARED BY W. TITSON SHARP, ARB.A.



# WHITE KING OF TAHITI

They called him "Monsieur d'Albion," and the human sacrifices in his name were legion.



CEDRIC R. MENTIPPLAY

IT was a bad sign in the 1880's when a ship made port packed with bullet-holes roughly punty-filled, and marked with blood that horribly suggested whitemen could not disgorge.

French officials at Tahiti were suspicious of the schooner "Maurice" when she sailed in on her way from the Gilbert Islands, but their investigations ended abruptly when one

night, the schooner mysteriously disappeared.

Her bones lay on the bottom, off Tahiti—dead like the 29 natives who remained aboard her. But Captain Jean Léon

Cad Stevens, mate of the schooner "Maurice," leaped crazily against the deckhouse as the little vessel worked her way up towards Tahiti and

swayed into the evening breeze. The schooner which made the night atmosphere as purple velvet was matched by the phosphorescence breaking over the bow. Nocturne could be heard above the thunderous small waves of a ship at sea—the chinkle of water, the slow creak of timbers, the rattle and clap of anchor and the soft sighing of the hawsers.

At the helmsman's heads Stevens showed the spokes to slide Stevens in fingers the mate counted, and shot expertly to leeward. There was no wonder he did so. A gale of wind came up, and with it a stench so rank as any that hangs over a weekend battlefield. It was a charnel-house of death, and decay, and the last foaming eddies ofaged cannibalism. In this case of 29 natives devoured,煮熟 in the Gilberts and battered below in the sunken hold. They had been there for weeks, locked in the darkness, lashed by the overseers, fed on pigswill and water.

The mate crept forward in the darkness. There was something strange about the fire hatch, he thought, something curved growing. Then suddenly the silence exploded in a bedlam of wild yells and curses. The hatch was open now, and hurling up out of it came a mass of maimed, naked brown bodies. They howled for a moment as the mate held the doors in half-dead suspense.

In shattered arms and legs the crew came racing off—a raffish, belligerent lot with torque now stuck in their eyes. Well they knew what would happen to them if these savages handed them off. After them the natives came running, brandishing weapons which included halberds of wood, broken shovels, and long bats wrenches from the vessel's timber.

On the pass the crew rallied. Stevens, a raw combination of bravado, sex, savagery and courage, led his men in hurling back the natives with bare fists. Then a rifle took up the challenge, and the human wave rolled back. Stevens took advantage of the lull to serve out pistols. As the fire from the pass grew in strength the natives withdrew in the forecastle of the ship, leaving between the two forms a wide area of naked ground.

To the accompaniment of wood clangs from the forecastle the crew then held a council of war.

It was soon apparent that the natives had frayed the stores of food and drink. A wild feast ensued, and here and there human bodies were seen to stagger from their places of concealment. Stevens carved gallantly as he picked off these many morsels with the rifle.

"We must attack!" he declared at last. "You must stand ready to charge when I give the signal I had a plan."

The scheme was a simple one. All he had to do was to cross that naked strip of deck, crawl forward until he reached a stack of cans piled鼠肚肚地, tumble those cans aside, and then run off. There was gunpowder under those cans, and Stevens carried a length of fuse and a slow match.

Brutally they watched him go. The calculations foreseen were realized with a high screech as he hurried into the pale. Then the whites thought that their leader had gone mad. The Danes sprang to his full height and answered a challenge to the natives. They came after him, shouting their hate and desperation.

Coolly he waited until they were close upon him, then ran for his life. Influenced with liquor, the Gilbertians carried their pursuit right up to the pass ladder—right up to the moment when the deck erupted in a great red searing flame.

Perhaps a hundred natives were blasted to pieces in that holocaust, and fifty more were thrown blinded and maimed to the deck. Olsen, in the agony of their wounds, pumped overboard, into the narrows, trapped

Walking down the street one morning, a celebrated Dutch conductor, encountered a member of his orchestra.

"My, my, but you look prepossessing," he observed.

"Oh, I'm a busy man," replied the musician. "Besides playing in the orchestra, I play in a quartet, give lessons, and perform on the radio."

"Really?" responded the conductor. "When do you sleep?"

"During the rehearsals," came the calm rejoinder.

—*Wall Street Journal*.

used his persuasive powers (and probably more concrete arguments) to obtain all the permission he needed from the French officials.

But the Tchikitis would have none of him. They were too poor, and under the law—and in the stocks—they died, but they did not work the hated schemes, of which the "Monsieur" was one, and harassed them with reflectives whose instructions were to get labour— and no questions asked. Stewart's "blackbirds" combed Tchikitis, then the Githlers. His project grew, but it terrible cost to human lives and suffering. The natives preferred death to slavery, and nothing could alter that fact. Finally he brought in skipjacks of Chinese coolies from Canton and Macao—and though their admixture of Asian blood complicated the destruction of a native race.

The cotton plantations flourished in barbaric plenty. Slave carts to Atkinson, and went every laden with the precious bales. Stewart lived like an Oriental potentate with his Tchikitis in a huge stone house in which he offered lavish entertainment to such nobility as the French governors of Tchikitis, and the Duke of Edinburgh.

On the high land which he called Montmichin he built a palace for his formal occasions, to which he used to come in a palanquin carried by natives. The wild folk still till at wild savirs in the hills above the green richness of the valley, and of how a jedid research would net about such boats on the beautiful island of Rhodes.

For overseas he went to the best possible source—the British army. A dozen former non-commissioned officers received free passage from England in order that they might try their powers on the natives and coolies. The ferocious and brutality of the work which they were expected to do disgusted more than one

of even these hardened despots—so They rebelled, and received treatment worse than that meted out to the natives. One John Rikik, late of the 25th Regiment, went mad, and labored out his days in a New Zealand asylum.

When the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, visited Atkinson in 1888, he was welcomed with rich and picturesque ceremonial, reported masses played for his pleasure, and champagne flowed freely. The tour of the plantations was carefully supervised so that he saw the growing wealth of cotton and the herculean masses of the "show" compounds. The whites were closed out of sight, and the "coolie-coolies" were spattered away in the distant reaches of the valley. Nevertheless, certain British subjects living under the head of William Stewart presented to the Duke a petition, asking for his intervention. Nothing was done officially, and it is presumed that that document became "lost" somewhere in the archives of the Foreign or Colonial Office. Stewart did leak out, however, to the Pacific—between less and less respects goes Europe with the passing months.

By 1875 Atkinson was showing a handsome profit and nobody noticed that the汇报es of that profit, the professedly high price of cotton, were serving as the basis Confederacy states of America turned to production areas. Just before France fell to the Prussians, a syndicate based in Lyons offered Stewart \$250,000 for his share in the venture. He rejected it scornfully.

As the world price of cotton fell, the credits began to show in the war-torn fabric. British capitalists had invested over \$120,000 in the enterprise, and French capital was also deeply involved. Demands became more pressing, and at the first signs of reluctance on the part of Stewart to meet them a gang developed Lon-

don granted a last loan of \$30,000, but it was too little and too late. By 1873 the whole impulsive office was encumbered into debt, and it was plain to all that bankruptcy would be the inevitable end of the company.

Stewart came down so heavily as if he had been ruined on the topmost tower of his enterprise. Around him he saw the cotton droop and wither in an deserted ranks. Chinese and natives because daily more arrogant, as the overseers and company police weary of working under continued pressure of payment, went off in search of other employment.

At the end of it all Stewart was left with little more than the clothing he stood up in. All the rest had been thrown to the chequering creditors, and it was not enough.

William Stewart was accompanied only by his wife when, on the morning of September 28, 1873, he made his last journey to the spot of Montmichin. There was no palliative now, and the purple growths reached out hopefully to close the trail. He was stuporously white and shaking when at last he reached the grove of mango trees, but he rested himself firmly enough on the shoulders of his devoted wife.

"I'll start again," he told his wife. "In the Mergongos, this time, and with Chinese labor. We shall reign there, you and I."

She looked away, but her tear-blinded eyes saw nothing of the fatal valley. They held only the vision of two men—the strong, robust, fighting Scot who had won her as his wife, and the broken, white-haired failure who was now William Stewart. When she looked back at him, he was already dead.

The company survived his only a few months. Today only the meagre floors on the site of Montmichin, and the debris by the bay is a heap of rubble. The lands of Atkinson today see the Chinese be imported as a last resort.

new between the fire and the pooh, poured a pitiful half of lead. The crew of the "Monsieur" showed no mercy. When the massacre ended, fewer than fifty natives were left unscathed.

This is only one incident in the bloody history of William Stewart, otherwise known as Tchikiti, or, as his French friends and enemies called him, "Monsieur d'Atkinson." There are countless other stories which have become legend concerning the cruelties which were perpetrated in his name.

Stewart is first discovered in 1862, going down from the sky he later called Montmichin into the rich valley of Atkinson, on the western side of Tchikiti. What was his previous history nobody knows, but at that moment William Stewart was a man full of vigor and ruthlessness, contending in a dream the fruition of which would claim all his powers.

Briefly, his plan was to build a kingdom on cotton, the dream for which had assured tremendous importance because of the devotion to Southern American plantations caused by the Civil War. A dream of victory was driving him. First, he

## Hunter And Hunted

She was as fit as a fiddle—  
The man, he wanted to play,  
He wanted to make a night of it  
But the loss, she called it a day!  
Said:  
On ignoring  
Such hunting  
Dislikegment.  
He tried her will power to break—  
But he was being taken in  
When like thought he was taking her out  
He was persistent;  
She was resolute—  
Resistant at first, that is,  
And she remained silent  
When he would whisper  
In a somewhat seductive voice  
And he was inundated by surprise  
At a girl who didn't shatter  
When he gave her a kiss  
Over nuts and wine.  
That kiss meant her pride to flatter  
But for all he said  
And for all she knew,  
She shook her head.  
While his love bleomed true  
And even if she did not get  
Her ideal kind of beau,  
She浸透 everything else besides,  
Hone, honeydew, eve and dough  
She broke silence to boast  
As they gave her a toast  
To a most successful brak,  
That she hunted her prey  
In the kind of way  
That goes her a special pride  
For whatever they say  
Of the way to hunt,  
And whatever approach be right  
She was never sorry,  
She caught her quarry  
By keeping her trap shut tight.



## "FLASH" CANN MEETS THE **BLACK ANGEL**

ILLUSTRATED BY

WALTER S. KERSHAW



"BLACK ANGEL" CANNON,  
PROTECTION BOSS,  
LEAVES HIS CARD!



WE KNOW IT WAS  
CANNON'S MOB, KEN-  
SHAW! WILL YOU  
GIVE EVIDENCE TO IT?  
WE FULL HIM IN?





NOT HERE, MR. CAIN!  
GIVE ME YOUR  
ADDRESS AN' I'LL  
CALL TONIGHT!



FLASH CAIN GIVES  
CONROY HIS ADDRESS



WARNING!



CONROY CALLS ON  
FLASH CAIN, AND...

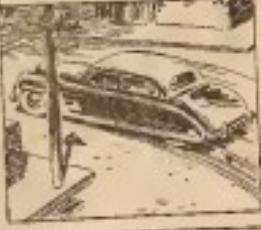
...DIES AS 'BLACK  
ANGEL' CANNON  
COMES CALLING!



FLASH OPENS UP!



-- BUT IT'S A CLEVER  
GETAWAY!



CAIN BRINGS CONROY'S  
BODY INTO THE FLAT  
AND RINGS THE  
POLICE -----



-- HE LOOKS FOR  
CLUES THAT NIGHT  
LEADS HIM TO THE  
"BLACK ANGEL'S"  
HEADQUARTERS



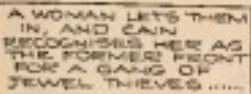
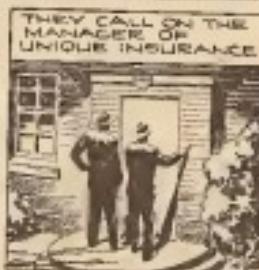
UNIQUE INSURANCE  
COMPANY. I WONDER  
IS THAT YOUR  
PARTICULAR HEAVEN  
"BLACK ANGEL"?



DETECTIVE INSPECTOR  
BANT ARRIVES .....

PITY THEY GOT HIM  
BEFORE HE CHIPPED.  
CAIN...





ROBERTS CALLS THE SHOWDOWN /



REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE /



A CHICKEN CLIPS THE WINGS OF THE BLACK ANGEL ...



- AND A SECRETARY IS GIVEN NOTICE /



ROBERTS WAS A CANNON  
I TOLD HIM TO LAY OFF CONROY! HE  
SAID HE ... WOULD BUT HE USED ... SO  
I KILLED HIM ... CONROY WAS MY  
FATHER /



SHE'S DEAD, BANT  
BUT SHE CERTAINLY  
REVENGED HER  
OLD MAN /



THE FAIRYTALE OF

SCIO ...

both employees and non-people helped rebuild the town's factory.

This true story reveals the iron-worn aphorism: "When a man bites a dog, it's never". For it is a story of modern industrial relations in which there is no question of status. Quite the opposite, it tells how non-unionized and unprivileged volunteers rebuilt the town's first-cited factory.

In the jaws of San, Ohio, in the post-war days of 1946, Lewis P. Ross started a chinaware factory in a distant pottery plant. He was a stranger to the town, for he came from West Virginia but he was a likable, amiable, energetic person, and he soon built up a thriving business.

This was the production of Ross, with which he aimed to carry a good class of the cheap chinaware market, in those days dominated by the Japanese. So successful was he that in a few years he was the largest producer of white china in the United States.

But at Christmas time 1947, Ross' factory was burned down ... and when he had no fire insurance, his successful career had apparently come to a sudden end. On the contrary, it was the beginning of one of the most fantastic industrial stories ever told.

Ross's workers work out and cleaned up the debris. The townsmen took up a collection to start rebuilding. Eventually some \$10,000 was received by a delegation of citizens sent to the head office of the National Steel Corporation. Even the Pennsylvania Railroad entered the campaign, unpaid of the job by putting the steel on through trains and then adjusting their schedules by stopping their trains at Ross for unloading.



Five New York street extended loans to be paid back over ten years in stages and interest. The pottery workers learned construction work and worked hard, even overtime, to accomplish reconstruction in record time! Workers' clubs served meals to the workers. And in 90 days the plant was re-opened and the chinaware was again being produced.

If even there was an example of community endeavour turning individual disaster into success, the story of Lewis P. Ross and his pottery plant is that. Last year day in a year chronicled form, the name found a prominent place in America's thanks to *Life Magazine*. Tributes hence are being presented, people are referring to examples typical in this great co-operative enterprise in which three million Americans are linked for mutual aid. These awards are awarded for the benefit of the whole community, too, and while helping the development of Australia they are also creating money, which helps to provide welcome bonus additions to the purse for which each policy holder is insured. The "fairy-tale" of Ross is repeated in our main news item over every day of the year!

*vengeance*

## travels far



CILKIN

He recognized the nitrate blaster when it came out of the past to reward him of the crime he had committed.

HARRY WATERS sat comfortably at ease in his ampler office. The room was ornate even for the type of business Harry had made his own—a symphony of blonde wood and expensive leather upholstery in the solid, sturdy style he loved to affect. Adjoining it was another apartment in which the touch was gentler, though no less costly. Here there was darkness, and soft curtains and shaded

lights, and the red sheen of codio. But now the interconnecting door was closed, and Harry was alone.

He leaned back to savor the fragrance of his cigar and listened to the strains of the orchestra—his orchestra—the best that money could buy—welling up from the dozen-floors below. This was the quintessence of luxury, to be alive by choice when a word in the telephone at his elbow would

ring the rich and the influential to do bidding.

Soon he would rise, not far away the famous Louie Co., perhaps she would come unchained, as she often knew her master had done, and half-sure that he might not call her she would come in so timorously, so perfectly poised, and pass through one last reverie wherein she could be known—ever, reverently rising into "something a little more" than the spangled dream in which she saw her mother.

He closed his eyes. It had been long and tiring work, and the night was advanced. He would not call her wacky a little, and let that shadowed year continue. How wonderful it would be to sleep till six at night, and to wake at the early morning in the cool, clear air of Velden, where the dark waters of the Worth-

There was a resonance in the memory of that shadowed lake, with the swans of the great peaks looming within it and the red-spurred Little Amherst town slumbering by its side—a picture carried only by the shoots of Hilde and the big fuchs. There the winds reached up from the blue-bottom and chash-chash their shrill, rasping hands. Like the entrancing words of dark blonde beauty. How were the eyes the singing mouth?

He awoke, sweating, from his doze and sprang to his feet. The old nightmare was back, the vision of the lake on his hands again! Then he realized that something else had caused him. The name had stopped in a sudden jingle of sound. There were mated voices, sounds of strangled. A mad! Sassy! The facts could not have double-crossed him like that!

He ran to the concealed shutters, pressed the button which caused them to slide upwards silently. The noise of the crowded nightclubs blared forth

suddenily in his ears. He brushed heavily. This was no police raid; and whatever it had been, he was too late. Already the orchestra was swaying into its stride again. Jimmy Blue, with his gifted clarinet, was a tall, swaying rod of sound.

Harry unclipped down his immaculate vest, ran fingers through the thinning waves of his hair, and stepped out onto the landing. The author of the disturbance was on his way out—a broad, steamed man breasted forward to relieve the pressure placed on his twisted arm by the vice-like grip of Joe Chest. Wall and Jag, other members of his efficient team of "gentlemen usher," scurried the departure so that the four of them assured nothing more than a hasty group on its way home.

Harry found himself riding easily at that wide back until it disappeared with sudden acceleration through the main door. There was something familiar, something reassuring about the air of those shoulders—and yet the man was elderly, smaller. He swore softly. The nightmare was beginning again!

He descended the stairs and looked for Lou. She was not hard to find. In the shadow of the door she was repeating a torn shoulder-step.

"What goes, Lou?" inquired Harry, patting the expand shoulder.

She snatched irritably away. "Can't you get your bone grille to stay on the job? Now we're uprooted I don't expect to be treated by drunks and halfwits! It's bad for me, and bad for your visitors. Best do something Harry!"

"I will—if you tell me what happened."

"All right. I'm getting ready for our number one, and this fellow comes at me like he's just wandered off the street. Straight across the double-floor he comes, and stops in front of me and says, quiet-like: 'You're the most

beautiful women in the place. You'll know where Harry is."

"It's no compliment, see, the way he sits it, with a twisted grin on that scared face of his I can every, and he grins me right round, and says again. He's still grinning when I serve him for the boys. You know the rest."

"That was all? No other words?"

"That was all, boy." Joe Clegg had arrived, looking more like an ape than usual because of a visible swelling eye. "We rushed 'im quick, but 'e back-handed 'im so among the drums we planned him one heavy before the fight went out of 'im."

"All right, dipper the club. What was he like?"

"Dumb, grey hair. Face looked as if he'd been in a nasty motor accident—sort of scrubbed. He'd been hurt once, but there was no mark on 'im. Oh—oh" he was saying.

"Armed? Did he try to use a gun?"

"No. See 'ere." Joe produced something small and gleaming from his pocket, and handed it to Harry. "It's all in 'e hand, but 'e didn't even straighten when I took it out 'im."

Harry looked at it, and his eyes widened. The weapon was a toy automatic pistol—a Mauser 4.35 millimeter, less than three inches long overall. The heavy chromian plate reflected the lights and the mother-of-pearl on the butt had a lustrous sheen. It was a perfect imitation of a heavy service weapon, yet it lay dwarfed in his hand. He gasped.

"Some away girls used with 'ooch," offered Joe. "His voice was kinda thick. Could be Jerry."

Harry forced himself to smile, though his hands were trembling and there was a dryness in his throat. He slipped the pistol into his pocket.

"All right, boys," he said. "See nothing like that you've got. I'll be up in my room, but—" His eyes caught those of Lou. "—I don't want

to be disturbed for an hour. That's all."

Back in his office, Harry slumped into his chair and dabbled at his knee with a silk handkerchief. The skin was damp, and he was not as slim or as fit as he used to be. He took the pistol from his pocket and placed it on the blotter before him. As he forced himself to look at it coldly, dispassionately, his pulse left him.

Of course! There it was, a Mason monument, one of countless thousands. Why, half the women in Europe stood out of them, or something like it, in a protest against antisemitic savagery! There was nothing even remarkable about the fact that one should turn up here, in possession of a man whose recent might have been German, whose buck visor bore a Berlin resemblance to that of a man seen on the other side of the world, ten years ago.

Harry laughed shakily and poured himself a drink. The tang of the fine whisky numbed him, soothed him, so that his fears seemed suddenly childish. Why, as administrator of the postoffice would prove conclusively how weakness and a bad dream could produce results which would confound all sense.

The book? That, of course, would reveal him at the back of Anton Schreiber, the big mountaineer who lived high on theberg above Velden, and who used to court the lovely, tawny, Helga. He had last seen Anton, what? That morning, of course—shot foolish morning ten years ago, when his own troubles had begun, when a little, rambunctious man with a firelock had burst his way into Austria, and when a blonde girl had died.

The name was not Harry Waters then, but Heinrich Wannerman—a young man with big ideas, and a way of obtaining whatever his heart or his ego craved. His first, second, and last thought was for Heinrich Wan-

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AT BOOKSTALLS AND  
NEWSAGENTS EVERYWHERE

service—and that, in a way, was what had brought her to Velden, gathered as a tourist but feeling unconsciously like a converted mat.

He had joined the Nazi Party, not because he believed in its ideals or enjoyed the noisy battles with the Communists, but because life in Germany was easier for a party member. When he after some claque from political rivals, and there were several for sale. That same consideration dictated his course of action. His fortune alone had decided that the office should be a long, and that he should now be fleeing haphazardly from party vengeance.

In Velden the handsome, well-informed young tourist revealed nothing of the poison which was growing within him. Beyond was the Tatra Pass into Italy, but without money to hire the freight guards he might as well have been back in the Koenigsstausee. Then fate brought him Klida, daughter of the proprietor of the wine-wrecked gathering by the lake—a fine big blonde gal who fell easily under the spell of the young visitor.

As was his way in any encounter he threw everything he had into a whirlwind week of courtship. At the end of it she was his to take whenever and wherever he pleased—he is spirit away to those exciting northern cities of which he speaks his tales. She was prepared to bring her own down—the fat stockless full of savings which her father hoarded beneath the old wooden eaves.

He remembered waiting for her that night amid the shadowy mists of the lake. There was a new urgency in his plans now. Something he had heard, a signal remembered from the old Party days, but told him that evening that one hour for Austria was at hand. Once the Nazis started down here he knew was up. Fugitives mingled with the new spook his fear

At last she came, panting a little, and lay for a moment in his arms. Then they boarded the boat which she believed would take them four miles across the lake to Klagenfurt, first stage in their journey together to the great cities. He stared gazing into the shimmering mist, his eyes watching the pallor of her face in the faint lights of river.

She sat there, pale and unmoving, as he steered the boat through a wide half-circle. It was only when the fire leapt through the bordering reeds and flared softly into the bank that she showed any surprise. Before she could express her amazement he took her hand and jumped ashore. She followed. The lights of the Ternitz highway showed that they were scarcely more than half a mile from their starting place.

"What is this, Heinrich? Do we go some other way?"

"Quick!" he rasped. "The enemy! Give it me!"

"But, Heinrich—I could not take it. Surely we can do without. They were so kind to me—so kind!"

"What?" He could not believe his ears. His whole beautiful plan was blowing away in the morning breeze. "You stupid fool! Do you think for a moment I would look at you—that I would thrust my head back into a noose?"

Her tall figure suddenly straightened. In the growing light he could see her hands trembling in her hair. He seized the catch of a cocked pistol and saw the soft gleam of steel.

"Stand where you are!" Her voice was shrilling towards hysteria, but the tiny weapon was level enough. "Adrian told me about you—warned me. He used to tell you that—if you loved me, we could go, with his blessing. We thought there was something strange about you, as if you were hiding. We—"

"Hold! Put down that gun and listen to me!"

## The "Grasshopper Mind"



The man with the "Grasshopper Mind" nibbles at everything and masters nothing.

At home in the corner he turns up in the window—eyes tired of it—glasses at a distance—can't concentrate. Finally, unable to concentrate, he either goes to the pub for a sleep in his chair. At work he takes up the newest thing but puts it down when it gets hard and starts something else. Jumping at the fence!

So the "Grasshopper Mind" does the world's most tiresome tasks and routine drudgery. After day, year after year—endlessly it hangs on to jobs that are ancient, relaxed, least interesting and poorest paid.

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Columbus doctors John Sturges has just discovered that animals are animal-born actors. Once of that momentous decision is that in the filming of "The Man Who Would Be King," adapted from the Mark Twain story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," sixty-five frogs, two hours and dozens of frogs play leading parts. Stevens released human actors but shot the animal actors without any cushion.

Result: Some perfect takes out of ten scenes in which animals appear.

"I have looked enough! You would take my money and leave me here, dismembered, a leather stool. Well in Austria there are girls who will fight for their honour. That is what I shall see when they come and find you here."

Her voice soared and cracked until he could stand it no longer. He closed, striking at her arm, crushing his shoulder into her soft body. The little gasp flew over in a high arc, and she was silent. At last, without a look held on her throat. Then they were down and rolled. The bark fell away beneath them, and Heinrich was in water to the hips.

Twice he struck down through it at the limp body beneath the surface. He held on until the last tremor ceased, until the last bubble came bursting to the surface. Then slowly he dragged himself upright and crawled ashore. The first streams of dawn were to the sky. His life was ebbing silent.

Breathlessly he ran to the pathans, his mother driving bands about him. The clock? Yes the money was there, a thick roll of it. Now in shear out of those digging was into something that would make him

look like a spout on a walking tree in the Balkan Tyrol. Swiftly and with unbroken heart the road lay west upwards to his room.

When he had finished his preparations he stole a quick look out of the window. They were starting now along the lakeshore, and smoke was rising from the rough stone chimneys, but the shutters of the cottages were still fast. Then he crossed. In the distance he could see the boat still bobbing among the rocks—and towards it across the path from the mountains came Anton.

Purified, Heinrich watched. Perhaps, even now—but no! Anton stopped suddenly in his tracks, picked up something from the path—something small, at which he looked with slow wonderment. Then Anton saw the empty boat. He strode towards it, and passed down at the riverbank at the rushes, and at what they only half concealed. And then, with a furious energy that was striking in one normally so deliberate, Anton was running towards the sea!

Heinrich shook himself out of his coils, snatched up his bag, and made for the door. He lay down the stairs and crumpled the darkened parlor when the front door creaked open. Anton stood there—Anton no longer slightly ridiculous in his short Tyrolean breeches and enormous haberdashery boots. In his great round face his eyes were narrowed and glinting. "Wasserstein, you swine! I found her!" "Yes—yes!"

"That's the Jewish man I was—but leaving early—leaving the field to you. You found her—stop her, then?"

"Don't tell! You killed her, you dog! You killed her!"

The huge right fist was rising and clanged within a scarcely exploded fist that knocked dust and bone, yes the little pond! The tiny rounds pattered from between the knuckles. Heinrich tried to turn his gaze away from the remaining steel ring now pointed before

his eyes. He felt his voice deserting him, the sweat breaking out upon his nose. His white hair was parched, and his blood was turning to water within him.

And now he knew that the big man meant his power, that Anton was holding his life in a deliberate, glancing blow, to watch his energy break into a shrillness, driven mad by fury for mercy.

Then he was conscious of noises in the street of people shouting. Perhaps they had found him also. Perhaps a voice roared in the doorway: "Mobilisation! That outfit Hitler has crossed the border!"

The wicked eye of the little gun avanzed as the big man turned his head. Heinrich saw his chance. He lunged striking with all the weight of his heavy rucksack. Anton leaped backwards to evade his blow; Heinrich caught his heels in the thick hair-weaved carpet, and went down awkwardly on the tiled floor. Heinrich was on him, lashing out cruelly with his heavy swinging boots at the exposed face and hand until the huge bulk was still.

Henry Watson picked up the little gun and held it so that the muzzle protruded from between his knuckles.

It had been put with a weapon.

He shuddered slightly and laid the gun down. How tired he was—and yet he was somehow afraid of sleep. He closed his eyes, and thought of the dark transformation of still water, of the shadows of water's reach, and of the bubbles rising.

He was no longer alone in the room. That suspicion came upon him slowly, with the blossoming of a cool beware on his neck. He opened his eyes. A man stood before him—a man he had never seen before, yet who yet was horribly familiar. The small blue eyes peered suddenly from a face that was one great abberated war. The body was that of a man who had once been his—but who was now little more than a skeleton on whom the clothes hung

strangely loose. The knuckles—the knuckles! They rested oily on the table, on either side of the little Maser.

"Unserer Wasserstein." The voice was unusually low, unbreakable. "A long time, eh? Sorry it could not be sooner."

"But Anton—Action surely?"

"Oh you did not do that, all of it, to me. That was fighting and I was in the—for my country. For Austria, Heinrich, not for your New friends. Then when they caught me and there was Bachemwald—and—Dachau. Time went, Heinrich—but they caught me prisoner, of not forbearance."

"Why, Anton, you'll send money—clothes?"

"No, I have work to finish—work I began ten years ago."

"But—They'll find you. There's only one way out of here! You'll never get away!"

"I care not. But remember—those renovations at the back of your place. A ladder issue upstairs that window behind you. I can close the window when I depart, and remove the ladder. See, I know these things because I have witnessed you, day and night, these six months."

Heinrich opened his mouth, but no words came. He saw the big knuckles close about the nose and the fat nose open, so shrivly. He tried to move, but a numbing terror seized him. He saw only the生活习惯 fingers, and between them the tiny mouth of the Maser. As the flesh leaped out at him ten years of flight, strange and sudden were as nothing. In the posterior of the man at Volkau, in the first days of a sun which had set ten years before, died Heinrich Wasserstein.

The detective looked at Lee abstractly, at the body slumped forward across the expansive bleeds wood desk, and at the little skeleton clasped in the stiffening fist.

"Sauvage," he declared. "Sauvage, those sonne Meusers—but they kill, eh?"

eight eyes see

*Murder*



RAY CUMMINGS

Mike had hoped he would escape justice for his crime, for his leniency from the murdered man would have set him right with Valerie.

PETER MAIR drove his little roadster swiftly. It was nine o'clock now—a soft, moonlit summer evening. He had driven all the way from Waterville since sunrise. He'd be home in less than half an hour. May at times behind the wheel, worried by his thoughts—it seemed that every moment as he approached the little cottage where he lived with his cousin, John Karr, his tension was increasing.

He was young—twenty-three—and,

he told himself, hated his life. He should have had Valerie out of that cheap lass and married her long ago. His relationship no longer jolted with her. He had suddenly realized that yesterday, in Marshfield where her town show was playing, Valerie would have to be different.

The little road rounded the curve and John Karr's cottage went in sight, set alone under the thick grove of trees on a slope of the wooded hill. It seemed abruptly that now was the

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A recently appointed magistrate, chairman of the Bench for the first time and sternly to a cyclist involved in an accident: "I am determined to stamp out those red cameras, and I sentence you to death!"

A startled clerk explained that the magistrate penalty was \$1.

"Very well then, \$1. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

use for him to make things different—  
to get what he wanted out of life—and the permission that he was playing at a cross road to sit looking, brooding contemplation.

He saw that the little cottage was all dark, window with two audience in the moonlight, with just a yellow glow at the lower rear windows, which were Karen's studio. The housekeeper always left after supper. Karen would be alone.

Mur put his car into the little square parking. He left his single cause in it. He went in the front door of the cottage, put her hat on the table in the hall. He had brought his suitcase from the car. He left it in the hall, by the stairs. There was no light except the silk from the partly opened studio door.

Karen called, "Thank you, Peter." He had heard the arriving car. In the hall, for no reason at all except that his vague shuddering thoughts were prompting him, Mur had been entirely silent.

"Yes," Mur said. He sheared open the studio door, went in.

It was a small artist's studio, with big windows which Karen always kept

closed because he hated fresh air. The smoke from his innocent cigarette burnt in thick blue layers, was going slowly like a gamgee abroad where the light fell on them. The room was filled with canvases and artist's paraphernalia. Charcoal sketches on big rectangles of wood-board stood on the floor, leaning against the wall. Karr, with a cigarette dangling from his lips, sat on a stool before his easel, working on a sketch of a man's face and head. A hooded light shone on the head and illumined one side of him—a short, thin and delicate little man with a mass of prematurely grey hair. Karr was only forty-six. He was peering at his sketch through the thick lenses of his white-dusted spectacles—peering with an intense critical frown.

Then as Mur stood in the doorway, Karr tossed away his bit of charcoal and swung around the stool. "Come on, Peter," he said. "Sit down."

"Don't let me interrupt you. I'm tired. Guess I'll go up to bed." Mur was stolid at his own words. Was he trying to avoid talking now to his cousin? He could feel his heart pounding, but as Karr turned him to a wooden chair, Mur took it, crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"Wait of fact, I was only killing time waiting for you, Peter." Karr was a nervous, high-strung little fellow. He seemed often short of breath, when under stress. He was short of breath now. He clapped his hands that he was sweating. "We got a few things stirred up to say to you," he added.

"Things?" Mur snarled. He uncrossed his legs. The knot in his stomach tightened. "He had a premonition of this, and now it was coming. "Have a propitious trip?" Karr asked.

"Well," began Mur. Karen's faint smile turned suddenly. "Look," he said. "I don't want to puzzle you. It



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Mar stood panting, with the power of his horse almost gone. But soon the power was dragging away. That horse was his now. And those paintings and thoughts—his inheritance that could be turned into enough cash to sustain him out.

He suddenly realized that it was something like fun which had started him when he had subconsciously planned it. And now it was done. All finished! The art was gone.

Should he not eat now? No, that would be bad. He remembered how he had stopped in town a little while ago. Several people knew he was on his way home. People who would try to remember date contact connection with him as soon as the news broke.

Proprietary? He thought now that he must be awful of that, more than anything. His fingerprints printed here? But so what? He lived here, even though he had just returned from having been away three weeks. Could a detective tell a fresh print from an old one?

He now has cameras, burning on the run. He carried it out with his hat. A different breed from Scott's? Would that be much of an embarrassing clue? He packed up his mashed hat, dropped it in his pocket.

In a moment Mar was out of the studio. His door had a spring lock, locking it on the inside when he closed it. He had left nothing of his in the studio. His hat and cameras were out here in the hall. All his other things that he had had on the way were still outside in his car.

At the hall telephone he walked on instinct, telling himself that he must sound shocked, breathless, maybe a little smothered. Then he called the local police with the news that he had just arrived home and found his cousin, John Kim—murdered.

Mar felt satisfied that he had done everything to cover his guilt. The police would be at the cottage in a

few minutes and it seemed that nothing remained to be done. He took a newspaper, tried a can filling in time waiting for his self-imposed. He went to the garage, brought his car round to the front, and was still sitting in it when they arrived. It looked as if they had brought the whole force. A murmur in the village was something new.

"I saw that there was a light in your studio, Sergeant!" Mar was saying carefully. "The door was locked. I pounded. Then I went around to the window—it was closed and locked. I never did like fresh air. I never will what you are now. Then all I could think of to do was phone you."

Policeman Sergeant Foley, as far, was in charge. He had arrived promptly with half a dozen of his men. He was a small, wiry fellow, dynamic, energetic and he seemed to know his stuff.

Mar was quite calm inside, calm and coolly confident. Sergeant Foley seemed friendly enough. Curt, matter-of-fact, but he needed agreement, dissolving nothing that Mar said. Other officials were coming. Foley had pleased for his superior, and for the usually reached estimate. Foley's men were in the studio now; a sharp-eyed expert was doing his stuff. Mar checked results. Much good that would be there.

Now Foley was out in the hall again talking to Mar. "Killer, seems, was a man," Foley was saying. "No woman could have strangled him like that."

"No, I suppose not," Mar agreed. "Maybe you'll find her fingerprints," Mar said. He nodded, pointing at his sergeant. "Reading about fingerprints always fascinated me, Sergeant. I haven't been in that room for three weeks, but I suppose you'll find mine is there. And Kimmie, of course. And we have a missing woman."

The door evidently started by the killer hit him." Foley said. "That's awfully slow—it broke his spec-



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inches. But his cheek under the eye."

The Sergeant's gaze seemed to be upon Muir's hand, his right hand as he pulled his revolver. He was looking to see if Muir's knuckles were bent; but they weren't. Again Muir chattered to himself. No danger of him being trapped by anybody like that.

Then suddenly Polley seemed startled. He didn't say anything. He just stared, with a little sucking intake of his breath and a narrowing of his eyes. Then held his jaws firmly closed. He murmured:

"What is the devil?"

"All in an instant, like a bolt coming out of a cloudless sky," Pete announced the spectator. He held his magnifying glass over them. He said:

"Well, I'm damned! That's it! Sergeant! We got him!"

Get him? Muir was gasping something. He stood with the same whirling around him. A conclusion of horror with the sergeant's gaze upon Kurn was working on a sketch in charcoal. His fingerprints were smudged—smudged, anything he left. That was a pretty correctly blow you hit him smudging his glasses. I guess his first thought was to continue on the same way."

"I sure would," Pete said. "If a guy with glasses hit me like that, I'd sure."

"And maybe it was Kurn's last thought too," the sergeant cut in. "His revenge, to trap his murderer. Anyways, there it is. Take a look you rotten killer! Whether the spectator you wouldn't notice it, immensely under stress of excitement. But we plain enough, isn't it?"

Muir's horrified mind swept back down there on the floor as he throttled the struggling little Kurn . . . and Kurn's table lamps too!

Mote with his terror, Muir suddenly stared at his spectacles as the Sergeant held them to the hell light—stared at the giant Kurn had left, stuck with charcoal so dimly on the little seal of love!

Pete said something and Pete answered, "Kurn, that would be his right thumb—since could, he needed—little less of our hands to add him to."

Horrified, agonistic fragments. To Muir it was a torture of sudden terror. He tried to tell himself that this didn't involve him.

... take it easy now. Hold firm. Don't let them bluff you . . . He saw that all the men were shivering

glasses out the door at him. And now they were coming.

Muir stood there. His eyes cast down to a belt down, turned his fingers, but he hardly noticed it.

Pete said, "Leave us a look." And abruptly Sergeant Polley had reached, snatched off Muir's hemmed spectacles. Muir gasped:

"What is the devil?"

All in an instant, like a bolt coming out of a cloudless sky, Pete announced the spectator. He held his magnifying glass over them. He said:

"Well, I'm damned! That's it! Sergeant! We got him!"

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His mind swept back to the present. The sergeant was looking small with himself on the subject of his smart

pal of detecting. Muir wondered if he could rely on this temporary distraction to effect an escape. He was close to the door, and, if he remembered rightly, the key was on the other side.

It might be better to stall for a bit.

"That was pretty clever of you, Sergeant. A brilliant deduction—enough to get you a promotion, provided of course you were correct. It is unfortunate for you that you are not quite correct."

The Sergeant was rattled. "You can't deny you killed Kurn," he insisted. "This evidence clearly incrimines you the killer."

"To grant you, that Sergeant, it would be useless for me to deny it. But did you ever hear of self-defense, Sergeant? If I had not killed my enemy he would have killed me. I was struggling for my own protection when he knocked off my glasses and got on them the moment you fled or denning to my innocence. I became overwrought without my glasses, and the killing was more or less an accident. I had only meant to shoot him off."

Muir had been edging closer to the entrance. Now he saw there was no time left.

"Oh, no, you're not arresting me," he exploded, and in a bound had leapt to the door and closed it behind him before Polley had even had realized what he was about.

As he turned the key in the lock he complimented himself that, so far, luck was on his side. He knew that Sergeant Polley would be rebuked upon his next stop ahead of the law.

Racing out of the house, he leaped into his car, kicked the motor into life and trudged hard on the accelerator, and by the time the police had managed to make an exit through the window, he was back on the winding road, driving at high speed.

It was a race against the chase. He could see lights in the rear—vises now, but not yet the distance. Dim, dark shapes were flying past.

There was no obstruction on the road and he did not see that. The little car turned over three times, and then hit a tree.

The police car drew up to the wreck, and Sergeant Polley commanded the body:

"He's dead, Pete. I guess you might say he got his just deserts, but I'm disappointed. I was kinda looking forward to the trial."

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## Talking Points

• COVER GIRL: Posy Lee that did not win for Diana does the part of Charlotte in "Oliver Twist." blonde blue-eyed and seventeen, Diana—who has been lauded as one of Britain's most promising young stars—deserves recognition the hard way. She studied at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art from the age of 14, and the performance which gained her the academy's bronze medal also gave her her first film role—a spot's part in "The Shop at Sly Corner," and Diana has tried for three more than. As a dutiful, dutiful wife who comes home in the Haughey household she has the most important role of her career in "Here Come the Haggards" first of the Gainsborough series. Judging from our cover photo, she'll be causing plenty of leaves elsewhere.

• CLINE IN BROOMES: Frank Cline seems to know where to find the best stories, and his trip to Broome was not disappointing. Where else would you find a doorstop worth \$200, or a shell rolling about in a driving belated, when what you are looking for is a fortune in pearls? The fortune is there too (\$2000 for one pearl). Frank got a good deal of his material from New South Welshman, Ted Norman, who is a big name in the industry over there.

• TAHITIAN EPISODE: A son of Queen Victoria visited the island of Tahiti in 1859. There was pomp and ceremony, Shakespeare and inspection, but the Duke missed the

essentials. Dower of the place which consisted of intrigue, murder and slavery. Cedric Murphy covers the colorful period in his article, "White King of Tahiti," Page 49.

• SUICIDE: If you're still trying to wrangle your tax return, or you with has gone off with your best friend, you're probably finding a bit tired of life. Morris J. Frumkin has gone to some trouble to tell us how several people have ended them, but if you're feeling too marshaled to trust yourself to read her article, never fear. It means the kind of person who plays around with the idea never does more than talk about it. So go ahead. The article is on page 8.

• MINNIE MAUBER: They're tiny. They're pretty. But they've murdered Kenneth Melville in the short "Vengeance Travels Fast," is the instrument of two murderers and serves the villain in holding together his otherwise theme of a crime perpetrated in a sleepy Australian town the day Hitler caught the world under a red spell, and caused a man to postpone his revenge.

• REPERCUSSIONS: That's what you term it when a mother-in-law so makes herself felt as not only to force a man out of his home but cause him to take on a new personality. Wilda Evans in Jimmy Ryals' fact story, "Joker With a Saw," did not become a forceful character, but he certainly became a character. The article adds up to one of the best arguments against too much mother-in-law.



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